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“SHOW US THE FATHER”

BY

MINOT J. SAVAGE, SAMUEL R. CALTHROP,
HENRY M. SIMMONS, JOHN W. CHADWICK,
WILLIAM C. GANNETT, JENKIN LLOYD JONES

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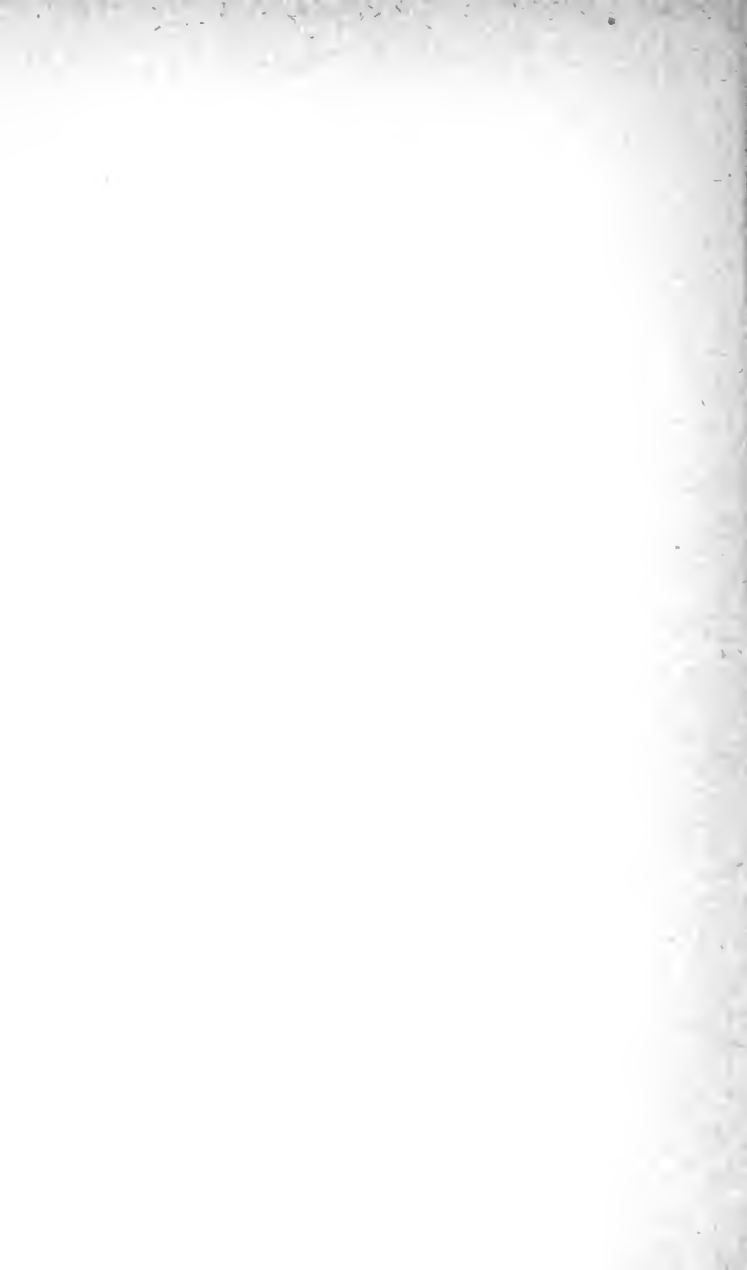
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PLATE 1936.



THE CHANGE OF FRONT OF THE UNIVERSE.

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

When the gods visit the earth they are rarely recognized until the time of, or after, their departure. So the tale runs in all stories of celestial advent. And what is true of great personages is also true of great events. One of the most striking things that history has to tell us is the unconsciousness of what is really taking place on the part of those who are even prominent actors in what afterwards proved themselves to have been the great turning points of time.

When the crisis of our late war was upon us, even our leaders talked of a breeze that would blow over in "ninety days." They little knew that humanity was gathering its resistless might to take one more bloody step in the upward march of civilization. When Luther nailed his theses on the church door at Wittenburg, Europe saw only one disaffected monk, and little thought that it was really the modern world rousing itself to shake off the dogma-drugged sleep of the Middle Ages. When Copernicus died after one look at his speedily-forgotten volume, who thought that the old heavens were being "folded away like a scroll," that a "new earth" was being given to men, and

that the "former things had passed away?" And when the Pharisees at last got rid of the troublesome meddler from Nazareth, and lay down to their triumphant sleep, who dreamed that they had pulled down their own temple about their ears and turned the disgrace of the cross into the symbol of a world-conquering religion? So ever does history move on. When the event is passed, then the world wakes up and notes its vast significance. Milton tells us that when the gates of hell were opened for the issue of Lucifer on his voyage of discovery in search of the new-created earth—

"On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder."

But not so open the gates of destiny. Their hinges are as noiseless as the axle of a star. They move as silently as the earth turns while we sleep; and the race wakes up to find that it is facing a new morning.

Victor Hugo says of Waterloo, "It was not a battle; it was a change of front on the part of the universe." What he uses, with his grand poetic license, in picturing a political revolution, we may use in all literalness to set forth what is going on before our very eyes, and of which we, willing or unwilling, are a part. To-day the universe is changing front. But the great mass of the people seems utterly unconscious of it. Like the passengers on a great ship at sea, sleeping in their

berths, lounging in the cabin, chatting on the deck, they take little account of the relation which the ship itself holds to the great world, and do not feel the motion when she swings round and sweeps off on another course. But when they do arouse at last, they find that the old headlands have disappeared, and that new constellations are shining out of unfamiliar skies.

We talk much indeed of the religious transition of the age. Pulpits, platforms, newspapers and magazines touch upon it among the topics of the time, and so far as the words are concerned are in danger of wearing them trite. And yet, it seems to me, that few note the real significance of "the signs of the times," or the revolutionary and far-reaching results that are destined to follow the movements now going on. The Jews were accustomed to divide all time into two great epochs, the one preceding and the one following the messianic advent, that stood with them as the turning point of all the ages. But with more truth, and in all literalness, we may regard the present age as the pivot point on which the whole of human history turns. There has been a certain homogeneity and consistency in all the past of the world. But that is gone now; and the Eternal utters his voice, saying: "Behold, I make all things new; the first heaven and the first earth are passed away." The universe has changed front; and the second, and—however long—the final great age of all time stretches out before us. I am aware that this is

saying a great deal ; and for that very reason, I now ask your attention while I go on to justify my statement.

But before I do this I must stop long enough to indicate to you in a word what I am doing it for. That is, I wish you to keep in mind all along the bearing which this discussion has on the great religious and moral problems of the age. The one universal and fundamental fact, then, to be remembered is this: that *every religion, the wide world over, when analyzed, is found to run back to, root itself in, and spring out of, some theoretical conception of the universe.*

It starts with a scheme of things, including a theory of God, of man, of their actual relations, of certain better ideal relations which ought to exist, and a plan for turning the poor actual into the better ideal. Every religion, then, however crude or however refined, starts with its supposed science of the universe. Each has its cosmology: and in this cosmology it finds its *raison d'être*. If then the time ever comes when this fundamental scheme of things is discredited, when its theory of God and man is disproved, then the religion itself is dead in its very tap-root. It may put forth leaf and blossom again for many seasons, but its doom is plain. Its followers henceforth must be those whose allegiance is a thing of tradition and habit, and not the intelligent conviction of informed and earnest men.

Bearing in mind, then, this one universal and

fundamental fact, we are now ready to go on and consider the modern change of front of the universe.

The human race has occupied this planet at least two hundred thousand years. Do you realize that that means two thousands of centuries—during which time our forefathers have been slowly climbing up to our present vantage of outlook? Leaving one side certain glimpses and foregleams of light, so as to keep the outlines of our thought clear—we may say that our modern day dawned about the middle of the sixteenth century. In contrast, then, with the two thousands of hundreds of years that preceded them, the last four hundred are reduced to hardly more than a point of time. And this point is the pivot on which our universe has turned. Until now, with whatever minor variations, *one general type of conception of the universe has prevailed*, in all nations and in all religions. Henceforth that type of conception can no longer be intelligently held. *A certain general type of religion sprang out of, and was held along with, the old conception of the universe.* Henceforth that type of religion passes away with the world to which it belonged.

I must now outline these parallel and companion types of the universe and of religion, that it may appear how naturally they go together. We shall then be ready also to see the nature and the necessity of the present and future change of front. This outline must be drawn, if possible, with a few

bold and clear strokes, confused with no more of detail than is absolutely necessary.

1. In the old scheme of the universe the earth was the central and the largest body in it, for whose convenience alone all the others moved and shone. Its material was "dead matter," out of which God built it, as a carpenter builds a house.

2. God was an individualized, outlined, limited being, who had planned and made the universe, and who ruled it from without as a despot governs a kingdom.

3. Man was a creature standing alone, separate from and above all other creatures, especially created by an act of the divine will.

4. Religious and moral laws were only statutory enactments of deity—not inhering in the nature of things, and known only as they were revealed supernaturally through prophet, or priest, or book.

5. Religion, then, was a government, in the ordinary sense of that word. The universe was a kingdom; God was absolute monarch; man was his subject; hell was the prison for all incorrigible offenders; heaven was the court where favorites were received and honored. For one reason or another, nearly all men, first or last, fell under condemnation through disobedience; and hence the necessity for a Commission of Pardons in permanent session. This took one form or another, priesthood or church, according to circumstances. But in all cases it was the repository and ex-

pounder of the divine will, and held in its hands the conditions of deliverance.

This, then, in general outline is the scheme, some fragment or variety of which has dominated human thought and human life for two thousands of centuries. All this is perfectly natural and not to be wondered at. Indeed, it is impossible that it should have been otherwise; for the materials of knowledge out of which to construct any better theory have not been in man's possession until the present time. I have no sort of sympathy, then, with him who merely ridicules the past; as well ridicule the Swiss Lake-dwellers for their style of architecture. Theologically, as well as socially, they built as well as they knew. Let us, then, see to it that we do the same. The only justifiable victims for our sarcasm are those—too many, it must be confessed—who know, but do not.

But before leaving this point, let us group the separate conceptions of the old universe into one concrete picture, that we may look at it as a whole, and thus make clear the contrast between it and the new. As one definite variety of the type, let us take the Jewish. They conceived the universe as figured like an oblong square, after which, as tradition asserted, the tabernacle was patterned. In their later thought, it became a sort of three-story structure. Sheol, the home of the dead, containing both paradise and gehenna, was the basement. The upper story was heaven, the home of God, of his angelic court, and of certain earthly

favorites translated. Between the two was earth, the home of man. The sky was a solid concave, the floor of heaven and the dome of earth. The Christian conception, modified in details, was in essence the same. In the great poem of Dante, we find the universe of the Middle Ages crystalized into a figure as clear-cut as the outlines of an intaglio. Hell is here a great cavern reaching to the center of the earth ; purgatory a hill on the opposite side ; and paradise was placed above nine concentric planetary spheres ; and the abode of man is one side of the surface of the earth. That was five hundred years ago. Let us come down, then, to within about two hundred years, and note the picture which Milton has drawn in "Paradise Lost." Milton was acquainted with what he doubtless regarded as the speculations of Copernicus ; for he makes Adam and the angel discuss the problems involved. But he dismisses the subject as one of those questionable attempts of the finite mind to penetrate divine secrets, which theology has always looked upon with little favor. If now you wish a picture of Milton's universe, draw a mental circle. Cut this circle horizontally in two by a line like an equator drawn across a map of a hemisphere. The upper half of this circle is heaven. Then draw a curved line, like the Antarctic circle near the bottom. Beneath that line is hell. Now draw another circle, whose upper curve shall almost touch the floor of heaven, and whose lower edge shall reach half-way from heaven's

floor to the dome of hell. Within this circle are the concentric spheres of the Ptolemaic universe, with the earth at the center. The whole universe, as thus conceived in the great Protestant epic, was not so large as the now known orbit of the moon. For, when the rebel angels are thrust out of heaven, it takes them only nine days to fall clear to the bottom of everything. To get a vivid mental contrast as to comparative cosmic distances, just remember that it takes the lightning-like velocity of light, not nine days, but three years and a half, to reach us from the nearest of the fixed stars; and that, when we have reached that, we are but standing on the outer threshold of infinity.

In Ptolemy's conception of the universe—of which Milton's is a graphic and definite picture—the earth is at rest at the center. The moon, the sun, each planet, and then all the fixed stars in one plane, are attached to separate, concentric, crystal and so transparent spheres, like so many glass globes inside each other. These spheres hold the heavenly luminaries in their places, and carry them around with them as they revolve. Until Newton, the world could imagine no other way to keep them in their orbits. For even Kepler, after he had discovered the laws of planetary motion, and knew that they no longer moved in circles, could not imagine how they were held in their places, except on the supposition that an angel was appointed to superintend and guide each one.

These really magnificent attempts to solve the

riddle of the universe were indeed very far advanced beyond the cruder thoughts that preceded them, the vague fancies and dreams of semi-civilized and barbaric peoples. But—and this is the great point to be kept in mind—however crude or however complex and highly developed, they are all only varieties of one grand type. *They all treat the world as a structure wrought upon and made by a God or Gods outside of it. They all hold the earth as central in the universe; and man as a special creation. They all make religion and morality to consist in the externally imposed will of a God, supernaturally revealed, and hedged about by arbitrary penalties of reward and punishment.* As far as the fetich-worshiper's thought had gone, it had gone in this direction. And the grandest development of organized Christianity has not transcended these ideas. This, then, is what I mean when I say that the whole past of humanity has occupied itself with some special type of this general conception of the universe and of religion.

But now, at last, comes a change. Those who imagine that it is only superficial, like a hundred other eddies or temporary turnings of the tide in human thought, can have made but a superficial study of the forces at work, and of the direction in which they tend. Those who smile at the pretensions of the age, and wonder why, if there is anything in it, the great revelation has not come before, again can have made but a superficial study

of the lines of human progress and the events of the modern world. Events occur when the world is ripe for them, and not before. As well wonder why the century plant does not burst into blossom before its hour has come. *Three great things have happened* in the modern world. They could not have happened before, because the world had not attained the knowledge out of which they have sprung. Gunpowder must batter down the barriers of the Middle Ages; movable type must give wings to thought; commerce and navigation must turn the oceans into highways and open all lands; invention must have free play to create instruments of investigation; then, for the first time in history, could man even gather the materials from which he might hope to construct even an approximately correct theory of the universe. The conditions for a hopeful attempt, then, have existed only in the modern world.

But in this modern world, as I said a moment ago, three great things have happened. And these three things are three revolutions—a revolution in physics, a revolution in criticism, and a revolution in biology. And from before their faces “the ‘old’ earth and the ‘old’ heaven have fled away, and there is found no place for them.” And now we see “a new heaven and a new earth.”

Let me now indicate, briefly as I may, what those three revolutions are. And—

1. The revolution in Physics.

So far as we need take account of this for our

present purpose, it began with Copernicus, near the middle of the sixteenth century. Some hopeful beginnings had been made in ancient Greece. But the great brain of Plato turned the thought of the world away from physical investigation and into ideal channels. Then came Christianity, and consecrated the old, crude science of the Jews as a part of its infallible revelation of divine truth. It condemned matter as essentially evil, and made scientific study a sin. All progress in this direction was stopped for fifteen hundred years. Physical discovery then, was asleep for a millennium and a half. The Renaissance began where ancient Greece left off. Not that the human mind was inactive; but all its genius and power were engaged in elaborating and speculating within the sacred limits of ecclesiastical dogma. And since the great secrets of the world and of man were hidden outside those limits, of course they were not discovered.

The revolution, then, practically began with Copernicus. He shattered the crystal spheres of Ptolemy. He set the stationary earth in motion, and sent it spinning round the sun. He spread out before human thought the illimitable universe of suns and systems; and, destroying the illusions of our conceit, taught us to take our true place as, no longer central, but only a subordinate member of the infinite order.

This was the first great shock that was given to the old belief. The significance of this shock will

appear if you remember that the theological scheme of Christendom sprang out of, was commensurate with, and fitted, like a picture in a frame, into the baby-house dimensions of the Ptolemaic cosmology. When that was shattered, the theological scheme had no longer a framework or a support. The Copernican scheme furnished no place for the old God, no place for his heaven, no place for his hell. And as the dove of Noah wandered the wide waste and found no place to set its foot, so through the infinite reaches of the Copernican universe has the spirit of dogmatic Christianity wandered and discovered no place of rest. It is not at home in it, and never can be. The leaders of the Protestant reformation scented the danger, and would have suppressed the system of Copernicus as atheism. And indeed from their standpoint it was atheism. Their special conception of God could not live in its infinite spaces nor breathe its rarefied air. And ever since that day it has been suffering and pining from asphyxia, and is doomed to certain death.

All the later physical discoveries are in the same line; and each one, in its turn, is fatal to some one of the old ideas. They are part of the one movement, and need to be grouped together so as to produce one general impression. This grouping must be very brief, and I gladly avail myself of the eloquent words of my friend, Prof. J. H. Allen, of the Divinity School at Cambridge.

“Think of the steps that have been taken since

Galileo's discoveries about the planets, suggesting a plurality of inhabited worlds; Kepler's laws of planetary motions, dissolving away the solid spheres of the old astronomy; Newton's theory of universal gravitation, displacing arbitrary will as the direct cause of the celestial motions; Franklin's proof that lightning and electricity are the same, doing away with the superstitious awe at thunder storms; Laplace's nebular hypothesis, so generally accepted, carrying back the origin of the solar system to incalculable remoteness; Dalton's demonstration of definite proportions and elective affinities in chemistry, making ridiculous the old notion of 'dead matter' as the antithesis of Spirit or the enemy of Good; demonstration of the speed of light and distances of the stars, destroying utterly the old belief in a local heaven; geological proofs of the uniformity of cosmic forces and antiquity of the globe, disproving absolutely the popular chronology of creation; discoveries of the spectroscope as to the atmosphere of the sun and the light of stars, widening enormously and at once the range of our physics; the well-established doctrine of the conservation and equivalence of energy, with its far-reaching effect on our conception of the laws of life; and now the scheme of evolution by natural process, apparently destined, with whatever modification, to supersede and swallow up every other theory of the transmission of life and the inheritance of natural good or evil.

"These successive steps—near half of them taken within living memory—interest us chiefly, not as so many advances or conquests of human intellect, but as they bear on conceptions and ideas which were once wrought up without question into men's religious belief, and were held necessary to their

salvation. It is very impressive to survey those steps in their connection and in their order of sequence, if we only stop a moment to reflect how prodigious is the mental revolution they imply. To take one step the other way, to roll back by ever so little an arc the driving-wheel of that revolution, is manifestly impossible. And the steps have been coming with increasing frequency and increasing weight."

2. It is time now to turn to the second of the great revolutions of the modern world—the revolution in criticism.

There is one point in this wide field which chiefly concerns my present purpose; and, leaving one side all else, I shall put my finger on that. A most important chapter in the history of the world's religious and moral progress will, when it is written, concern itself with the results of the commercial enterprise of nations. And it was a commercial exigency that led to what I now wish you to notice. Little did the Christianity of the Anglican church dream of the religious results of the British occupation of India. But in reality that occupation led to the discovery of the *Rig Veda*, and the opening to European scholarship of its ancient treasure-house. And not only did this discovery furnish a key to the mythology of Greece and Rome; it also created a new science—that of Comparative Religions. It furnished proof of the filiation and kinship of languages and peoples, and opened the common source whence have flowed down through the ages the

parallel streams of religious traditions. The science of criticism has since been reconstructed. The world has been ransacked. Mythical cycles and folk-lore tales have rendered up their secrets. And now, instead of one true and supernatural religion, in a class by itself, and in another class all the others by themselves equally labeled false, the educated mind of Europe and America is becoming accustomed to note the evidences of relationship which prove that all the religions of the earth are only the naturally born members of one great family; and whether large or small, wise or unwise, equally the children of the natural aspiration and reverence of man.

Now, then, criticism equally studies them all, and in the use of the comparative method assigns each its rank and place. It no longer admits that either of them sprang, like Minerva, full grown, from the forehead of a god; but traces the natural lines of its growth, and seeks after its natural origin.

This critical revolution is no less disastrous to monarchy in religion than was the French Revolution to monarchy in politics. It brings the "rights of man" to the front; it destroys "divine right" in religion, and makes the test of the right of any religion to live and rule to depend upon the service it can render to the welfare of humanity. Not power any longer, nor claims as to exceptional origin, are sufficient to establish its dynasty; it can reign only as it can serve.

It is apparent, to even superficial thought, that this change alone means nothing less than a new religious civilization.

3. But there is one revolution more—that in biology, the foremost figure in which is the modest student of Down—Charles Darwin. In the short space of twenty-three years he has completely revolutionized our total conception of man. Adam and Eden now dwell in the cloud-land of fable. We are seeking man's cradle in the dim, primeval twilight that hovers over the jungle, where our brute-like progenitor first stood upon his feet, began to use his new-found hands, exchanged his wordless cry for a voice, and began to look out over the world and up toward heaven with the dawning human intelligence in his eyes.

These, then, are the three revolutions of the modern world. This new universe, in its religious and ethical significance, as well as in the magnificent sweep and tendency of its physical processes, is grandly outlined for us by the master hand of Herbert Spencer. Indeed, he is the father of that scheme of evolution which seems destined to be the guiding principle of the coming civilization. Such familiarity with all knowledge, such attention to details, so firm a hold on underlying and universal principles, such comprehensive grasp of all-embracing laws, such power to group them all in one orderly system, perhaps the world has never seen before.

I must now ask you to look with me at their

logical and necessary results in the department of theology. I regard them as much more radical in some directions, and much less so in some others, than they seem to be considered in the popular mind.

I wish to hold myself here—as all the way through—to a direct dealing with the few great essentials. It will be understood, of course, that these carry in their sweep all the minor details. We need then to note which way the modern world is facing in its outlook on the two great problems of man and God. The change of front here is complete and irreversible. Let us review its bearings on human nature and human destiny.

1. Modern theology first took serious alarm when the young science of geology demonstrated the antiquity of the earth. By a resistless logic, each step of which was incontrovertible fact, the Bible chronology was stretched until it broke into a thousand fragments, and the six thousand years became uncounted ages. It was seen, for example, that Niagara Falls had taken at least two hundred thousand years to slowly wear its way through its two miles of solid rock up to its present point of thunderous descent. And it was found that the old earth, instead of being made and finished once for all, is always being made and never finished.

Of course the attempt has been made—it always is in such cases—to reconcile the irreconcilable. The day, with morning and evening, became marvelously elastic and stretched over uncounted

periods of time. It was suddenly discovered that Moses had known all the while what the scientist had just found out. And the world was expected to admire a revelation which did not reveal anything until after it had been discovered in some other way.

But this has broken down at last; and now we are told that the Bible did not undertake to reveal scientific truth, and that it is infallible only in those cases where it can not possibly be put to any decisive test.

2. Next geology, in its youthful vigor, became the parent of another science called archaeology. And between the two it was soon made clear that not only was the earth older than had been supposed, but that man was no parvenu on the planet. And when to the hoary antiquity of his origin was added Darwin's story of his birth, the very foundation stone of the popular theology was ground to powder. The very *raison d'être* of the Church's "plan of salvation," the only excuse for its existence, is the supposed "fall of man." But what now do we see? No longer the "fall," but the ascent of man. The popular conception of Christendom was well summed up by old Dr. South—the famous English divine—when he pictured Adam as the embodiment of all human perfection, of whose greatness an Aristotle or a Paul were only melancholy ruins or fragmentary remains.

But all this is proved to be a dream. The perfect Adam is before us, not behind. We have

not fallen away from but are progressing towards him.

Let us look, then, at the outline of the ecclesiastical scheme of salvation. Of course, as I have said, its foundation is the fall. On that foundation rest the Incarnation, the Sufferings and the Death of Christ as the essential factors in the doctrine of atonement, which makes it possible for God to save. On these depend the infallible Bible, as the needed vehicle to convey the news of this scheme to the world, and the Church with its supernaturally called or gifted priests to expound and apply it. Then, by perfectly logical sequence, follow the doctrines of hell for those who do not accept the redemption, and of heaven for those who do. The whole scheme is one consistent structure, dependent part on part, and all together resting on the one foundation stone,—the fall of man. If man be not fallen, then there is no need of Incarnation, no need of atonement, no need of infallible revelation, no need of a special divinely instituted church, no group of the elect to rejoice over being saved in heaven, no group of reprobates to wail their loss in hell. But the fall of man crumbles before the breath of modern investigation, like some long decayed substance when exposed to the air, and the whole towering structure of ecclesiastical theology and ecclesiastical salvation totters and tumbles in the dust. It is only rubbish to be cleared away to make room for the temple of the real man and the living God.

Man is not "lost," and does not need to be "saved." These are terms that are outgrown and ought to be disused. Come up by slow processes of growth from the animal world, man carries about him still, in body, heart and brain, the clinging remnants of his old animality, survivals of his origin. Ignorant, he needs to learn the conditions of a true individual and social life. Not to be "saved" then, but to be educated, is his need—educated, not in the sense of head-training only, or of being made the receptacle of information. This alone is partial and shallow. His whole nature must be developed, until the higher in him rules the lower, and he becomes the crowned king of himself, his surroundings and his destiny.

This much as to the effect of modern knowledge on our conceptions concerning the nature of man. I must now ask you to notice *the change that has passed over our thoughts concerning God.*

I speak of *the change that has passed over our thoughts concerning God.* It is possible that some of you are thinking that change ought to be completed by our ceasing to think of him altogether. Many are ready to say that He does not exist. Many more assert with much confidence that even if He does He must remain unknown. Or, if they recognize anything beyond natural phenomena, they are ready to claim that the term, God, is too concrete and definite to be applied to it.

My hour is too far gone to make it possible for me now and here to enter into a discussion con-

cerning the divine existence. But fortunately it is not necessary—I can reach the end I have in view without it. I only care to indicate a few things negatively, and hint a few others that I should be prepared to argue for and defend, if this were the time and place that called for it.

1. We can no longer believe in an individualized God, external to nature and working on it from without. The conviction is forced upon us of the practical infinity of nature; and thus no room is left for an infinite of which nature is no part. It is not God *and* nature any longer, but God *in* and *through* nature. What we call natural law we are compelled now to regard as only the method of working of that Power of which nature is the expression. In this conception there is no place for miracle, or for prayer regarded as a force capable of interfering with or changing the universal order. It may still be true and grandly true, however, that “They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.” For, he who gets into accord with the current of the eternal forces, has all the resources of omnipotence at his back. But—

2. Until we know that this Power is only blind and unintelligent force, there is as much assumption in saying “nature” as in saying “God.” Practical omnipotence, intelligible order, “a stream of tendency” that may be regarded as purpose, “a power that works for righteousness”—these are demonstrable.

And if we refrain from asserting that this Power is "personal" and "conscious," in the ordinary sense of those words, it may well be for the reason that He is regarded as something unspeakably greater than these, instead of being something less. There is no science yet that forbids our being awed by the feeling of

"A Power that disturbs us with the joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man —
A motive and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls thro' all things."

Nor need we resist the conviction that the wondrous order of which we are a part contains within itself the prophecy of—

"One far off, divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

This change of front on the part of the universe does not, then, put religion behind us or make it a thing either antiquated or outgrown. There are two large classes of people at the present time, one of which hopes that science is going to destroy religion, and the other fears it. I find myself unable to sympathize with either of them. I regard religion as something inherent and essential in the life of a conscious, intelligent and progressive race like man. Its necessity and permanence will appear if we only get clearly in our minds a definition of the thing itself. When the biologist

defines the vertebrate class of animals he does not concern himself with the thousand varying external peculiarities of this particular vertebrate or that, but he fixes his attention on the essential and unvarying characteristics. Let us pursue this scientific method in order to get a definition for religion. We shall find it then to be *man's thought concerning the relation in which he stands to the universe or to the powers or power which he thinks of as governing it.* This thought, is of course, accompanied by emotions, and these emotions find expression in prayer, rituals, altars, temples, or whatever is regarded as their fitting outward embodiment. And the emotions themselves will be slavish, or grand and ennobling, according to the crudeness or grandeur of the thought. But since the ritual and the emotion follow and are governed by the thought, it is easily seen that the thought is the prime essential. And since man must always have some thought as to the relation in which he stands to the universe; and as this thought, whatever it be, must always be accompanied by emotion, and must find expression in action, it is obvious that this, which is the very essence and soul of all religion, can never be outgrown or left behind. This definition covers fetich-worship; it covers Christianity; it covers atheism, which is only the obverse side of the current coin of religion; and it equally covers the Cosmic Theism of Mr. John Fiske's Spencerian Evolutionism; and it must cover forever any attitude that the human mind

may assume in its endeavor to solve or deal with this great problem. The finite mind in an infinite universe, can never escape awe and reverence and admiration—which are the soul of worship—except as it escapes that which is noblest and best in all true manhood. As well then may the eagle think to outsoar the atmosphere in which it finds leverage for its wings; as well may a ship-captain expect to outsail the sea, or transcend the horizon which closes him round—as for man to think it possible for him to transcend the limits of religious thought and emotion.

The modern conception of the universe quenches the light of no ancient truth any more than the discoveries of Copernicus put out the stars that shone on Ptolemy.

“Kopernik’s thought a new world made,
Though Ptolemy’s stars still shone;
New truth a new religion gave,
But not a truth was gone.”

The new discoveries only distinguish the false from the true, and set the eternal lights of religion and morality in their true relation, as parts of the eternal order. And not only this, there is another grand thought that seems to me to have very rarely, if ever, found adequate recognition. *All the religions of the earth have in essence been one, and must be to the end of time.* A golden thread of continuity runs through them all and binds them, like beads, on one string.

The differences have been only differences in

man's mental and moral capacity for finding and cherishing a lower or higher thought concerning man and the universe. This binding thread is the essential purpose that has animated and inspired them all. What then is this one essence? Man has always had some theory of his own nature, and his theory of the powers or power outside of him; and he has always felt that his destiny depended on the relation between himself and this external power. His one grand effort then has always been to establish and maintain such relations as would make this power favorable to his own welfare. This is true of the Indian offering tobacco on the stump of a tree; it is true of the Jewish High Priest in his temple; it is true of Christianity in its highest manifestation; it is true of Comte with his religion of humanity; it is true of science in its broadest and loftiest generalizations. Indeed, this is nothing else than the secret of life itself. The religious search has always been the search for the secret of life; and the search of science can be nothing less and nothing other. All old forms and names may be discarded. All past theologies may be swept away. But the thing itself, the heart and soul of religion, will escape all eclipses, will burst through all clouds, and after every night will arise afresh like the unexhausted sun, with his unerring arrows of light piercing through every foe, still cheering and leading on the race forever with his deathless beams.

But now a question rises which is of immense

practical importance. Is the world poorer for the change that has come into the religious attitude of man? It is perfectly natural that it should be opposed by ignorance and by fear. It is perfectly natural that vested interests should oppose it. For never yet did the world take any great step in advance except at the cost of temporary discomfort and loss. Never yet was old field plowed without for the time destroying the freshness and beauty of grasses and flowers. And never was a mouse's nest overturned by the plow but she must have thought the world was coming to an end. It is perfectly natural that sentiment should oppose it. For change of mental home means home-sickness as much as change of physical residence. Perhaps we may not wonder, then, that Wordsworth should protest against the scientific analysis of nature, and feel for a time that it was destroying the poetry of the world. We will then be patient with him while he exclaims—

“Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.”

We will be patient, I say, with his temporary feeling; and yet we will also feel firmly persuaded that poetry shall suffer no loss. On the contrary, we will confidently look for a grander poetry yet to spring up to fit the grander universe that science has revealed. We will willingly exchange Proteus

and Triton for the grander creations of a fancy whose wings shall have free range through the infinite complexities of the infinite order. Neither will we be surprised when Holmes confronts us with his challenge, or when for a time he forgets the horrors of the past, and remembers only the faith, that, like a timid bird, built for awhile its nest in some sheltering angle of some Middle Age turret that stood as a symbol of robbery and wrong. As he watches the encroachments of modern thought he cries out,—

“Is this the whole sad story of creation,
Lived by its breathing myriads o'er and o'er,—
One glimpse of day, then black annihilation,
A sunlit passage to a sunless shore?”

“Give back our faith, ye mystery-solving lynxes;
Robe us once more in heaven-aspiring creeds;
Happier was dreaming Egypt with her sphynxes,
The stony convent with its cross and beads.”

I have only tenderest sympathy for the feeling that expresses its apprehension thus. And yet I have no sort of fear that the apprehension is well founded. Since the true religion can be nothing else but true adjustment between the universe and man it is not possible that a deeper and broader knowledge of the truth should be anything else than a grand advance and development of religion itself.

But I am one of those who hold that no faith at all—even were that the end—would be better than the dominant faith of the past. Even Mr. Beecher,

in his recent North American Review article, has said, "If the great truth of evolution led to unbelief, it could not be so bad as that impious and malignant representation of God and His government which underlies all mediæval and most of modern theology." The happiness of dreaming Egypt and the happiness of the mediæval heaven are all sweet and fair; but what of the horrors of the one, or the hell of the other? In the words of Tennyson must we not say?

"What! I shall call on that infinite love that has served us so well?

Infinite wickedness rather that made everlasting hell!

Made us, foreknew us, foredoomed us, and does what he will with his own?

Better our dead brute mother who never has heard us groan!

The god of love and of hell together, they can not be thought.

If there be such a god may the *great* God curse him and bring him to naught.

Blasphemy? I have scared you pale with my scandalous talk;

But the blasphemy to *my* mind is all in the way you walk."

No, friends, I do not want any heaven at the price of the undying anguish of the meanest man that ever lived. Let us all sleep together, if need be, in a night that never shall know morning. But do not mock me with the offer of an endless song in any mouth that shall have for echo an endless groan on the burning lips of an outcast brother!

When men talk to me about its being a loss to give up my faith in the fall, in total depravity, in an angry God, in hell, I cannot for the life of me feel sorry. And if with these I must give up heaven itself, then farewell heaven, and welcome dreamless sleep.

I do not for one moment admit that this is the alternative ; I do not for a moment surrender my hope for the future. I cannot treat of that, to-day ; but I wish only to say, with all the emphasis of my soul, that even were heaven the price to be paid for deliverance from the past I would pay it gladly, and thank God, even with tears of joy, for the rest of the grave.

With one brief thought more I am done. These readjustment and transition times carry with them upheaval, displacement and loss. But all this comes from the false conceptions of the past. A smooth-flowing river glasses the peaceful stars and carries verdure and life for all its shores. But dam its current until the swelling pressure becomes resistless, and then the obstruction gives way and the freshet sweeps everything before it, and the country is devastated. Not the river, however, but the obstruction is the source of the ruin. When religion is taught to men as a complete and finished revelation, it becomes a moveless obstruction to human thought. It holds the world back until the onward pressure of human progress becomes too powerful to be longer checked. Then it gives way ; and for the time, human life is devastated

and human faith is drowned. But let a truer conception of religion prevail ; let men learn that the truth of the universe is infinite, and that the secret of the growing life of man is in an ever nearer and nearer approximation to this infinite truth, and religion will no longer be a thing of leaps and breaks and cataclysms ; but rather a progressive and ever advancing adjustment of the finite to the infinite and all-embracing life of the universe. Thus the peace of religion, as well as of the human heart, shall be "as a river."

This change of front of the universe then puts behind us all the past of fear, of an angry heaven, and a scathed and despairing earth. We look up the future, along a pathway lighted by ever brighter and brighter suns, and arched over by a sky whose cheerful blue hides no frown of deity or scowl of eternal hate. "The low, sad music of humanity" sinks slowly fainter and fainter down the past, while the future, dimly seen, and far away, gives utterance to the deathless hope of man—"Behold! I make all things new."



THE FULLNESS OF GOD.

SAMUEL ROBERT CALTHROP.

“The fullness of Him that filleth all in all.”—
EPHESIANS i., 23.

A magnificent, an overwhelming conception. God filling all things up with Himself, so that there is no room for anything else! God, who is all in all; God, in whom all atoms, worlds, and beings live and move; God, in whom all space, power, beauty, wisdom, justice, thought, love, and life exist for ever and ever; God, in whom man lives; God, whose space and force surround, interpenetrate, and include the body of man, whose thought and wisdom enlighten the mind of man, whose justice gives law to the conscience of man, whose love rejoices the heart of man, and whose life surrounds, interpenetrates, and includes the life of man,—God is the transcendent theme of our meditation to-day.

The theme being so vast, it will be wise for us to deal with it in detail,—in fragments, so to speak. Let us, then, take up one by one the attributes of God. Seeing only one side of God at a time, as it were, we shall be sheltered, as Moses was, by cleft of rock and shadow of hand from the full blaze of the ineffable glory.

Let us then say, first of all, that, since God is all in all,—that is, is strictly infinite,—all the attributes of God are infinite. Each attribute is coex-

tensive with every other attribute. Where any one attribute exists, there every other attribute coexists with it. Where space exists, there power, thought, wisdom, beauty, truth, justice, love, exist; for all these are attributes of God, modes of the being of God.

I. The space of God is infinite, and is coextensive with all the attributes of God. Spinoza, the father of modern Scientific Philosophy, was, as Schleiermacher lovingly called him, "a God-intoxicated man." He saw all things in God. And yet all that most men know, or rather misknow, about him, is that he granted just two attributes to God,—extension and thought. Granted? Why, the man lived in God! To him God was all in all. What he did say was this: "God, being infinite, lives in infinite modes; and two of these modes are extension and thought." Out of the infinite number of modes, he selected these two, simply because they are not only so closely related to man's own existence, experience, and thought, but also because on these two modes, as foundation, he builds his scheme of the universe.

The mind demands the origin of the visible universe; that is, demands something for that universe to rise out of. But the mind also demands that that something shall itself be unoriginated, as otherwise thought would find no resting-place. Two postulates will forever be essential to any system of thought: 1. Unoriginated Substance; 2. Unoriginated Space. On these as basis, the whole universe

can be constructed. If, with Spinoza, we consider space an essential attribute of substance, then Unoriginated Infinite Substance is the one all-sufficient postulate, which being granted, the origin of the visible universe is only a question of detail.

Our one postulate, then, is Unoriginated, Infinite Substance. In other words, our one postulate is God. This mighty postulate once granted, all things, beings, worlds, are modes of motion of his Spirit. The material universe is fated or uniform motion: the spiritual universe is free or independent motion. In God alone do all things find their true substance.

There are other good reasons why, in our analysis of the attributes of God, we should begin, as Spinoza did, with space. Space is the first attribute of God of which the infant mind becomes conscious. Indeed, we may say it is the one attribute of God of which all organisms are more or less conscious. The reason why the commonest minds know something about space is that they have a vast organic inheritance of space-perceptions behind them. Other organisms have labored, and they have entered into their labors. It is well, therefore, to begin where experience begins.

There are, however, difficulties on the threshold of our examination, which could completely block the way, if they were not got rid of. The first class is the besetment of ordinary minds. There is an absurd notion floating about that space somehow exists of itself, independently of any being

whatever. God, therefore, I suppose, in the far past found space conveniently lying round, and wisely made use of it for creative purposes. There must therefore be two independent existences,—God and space; for there would be no room for creation if space did not kindly lend itself to His design. Or, perhaps, the two high contracting parties agreed on equal terms, one to create and the other to find room for creation.

The mere verbal statement of the logical outcome of these vague notions is enough to show their absurdity.

The other class of difficulties besets more thoughtful minds. When a clever man has thought himself into a fog about space, he is apt to imagine himself quite a metaphysician—especially if he can repeat some perfectly unintelligible formula about space.

To quote a familiar unintelligibility, "Space is a form of thought." Now, thought is a mode of motion. Human thought is a mode of motion of the human brain, corresponding to and accompanying a motion of the human spirit. But motion is not a thing: it is a state of a thing. The motion of a snowflake is not the snowflake: it is a state of a snowflake.. Therefore, the expression, "Space is a form of thought," is equivalent to this other, "Space is a state of the human brain." If, then, you really mean that Space is a state of the small human brain, whose space-filling cavity is only a

few cubic inches, this is not simply absurdity; it is delirium.

If, however, you say, "Space is the form of thought,"—meaning by the form the mould in which all thought is, of necessity, cast,—you have stated a great truth, no longer a piece of metaphysical moonshine.

If, again, you say, "Space is a form of the thought of God," this is no longer an absurdity: it is only a confusing of two coexistent, infinite attributes of God,—extension and thought. God's thought, being infinite, is coextensive with God's space.

So much for these two classes of difficulty. There are signs abroad that they are both steadily diminishing. Ordinary minds are being educated into an awe-struck sense of the immensity of space; and thoughtful minds are becoming weary of the endless treadmill of bad definition, mounted upon which a man can keep on walking upward forever, without rising a single inch.

I had gone thus far, when I was summoned from my desk by a friendly visit from a book-agent. Silver and gold had I none, but what I had I gave. I showed him a grand sun-spot in the telescope. He was evidently deeply impressed, and suddenly burst forth with this: "The one thing that overawes and overwhelms me is the infinity of space! I can't take it in!" When a book-agent is overawed, it is a note of advance all along the line.

But to proceed. Space is the necessary substra-

tum upon which, as foundation, all things stand. As all motion is performed in time, so all existence takes place in space.

Here it is essential to sweep away at once the ten thousand illusions which beset thoughtful minds when they first begin to think about space. We constantly hear such expressions as these: "Thought requires no space, feelings have no space-relations." The act of thought or emotion, we are told, is purely spiritual, meaning by spiritual something that has no space-relations at all. Now, no entity exists that has no space-relations: each and every part of every being is always and everywhere related to space.

Thought in the human body is a wave vibration; and a wave vibration must be of something, and not nothing. No matter whether the vibration be of brain and nerve, or of something ineffably finer, which corresponds to an archangel's thought as these do to man's thought,—always and everywhere, thought will be a particular state of a being who is wholly immersed in space-relations.

Christianity has always believed in the spiritual body; that is, in the continuance of natural and intelligible space-relations in the life beyond death. If, however, we take for granted the possibility of purely bodiless finite spirit, that purely bodiless spirit will be as completely immersed in space as rock, plant, animal, or man, will have as perfect space-relations with the All and with each finite thing as if it were a ball of iron. As an example

of moonshiny thinking, I take an instance from a really fine modern thinker. "We might as well talk," he says, "of pure spirit being white or black or green as speak of it being either here or there." This is simply idealism gone mad, and it is not too much to say that no scientific metaphysics will ever be possible to minds that have not got rid of these prescientific notions.

In the deepest sense, then, we may say that Space is The All, including within itself all forms of being, all matter, all spirit, and all manifestations of both matter and spirit; and Space, to all alike, is that underlying reality without which none of them would be conceivable.

To the archangel,—that is, to the fully developed man,—Space is the Presence of God, the fullness of Him that filleth all in all, in whose fullness are included all power, all beauty, all intelligence, all truth, all tenderness.

This stupendous thought, the greatest that a finite mind can grasp, is just dawning on the mind of man. He has begun to behold the rising light, who sees that there is no such thing as empty space. From this, he can proceed to construct his universe.

The child first learns that the earth is a sphere eight thousand miles thick. The man, all his life long, is busied in filling up this conception, until, at last, each inch of that sphere is seen to be full of power and wonder and beauty. Oceans and continents, mountains and valleys, tropic splendors and icy poles, forests of a thousand woods, flowers of

myriad hues, marts and cities and homes of men, steamships ploughing the mighty deep, trains rushing across the continents, wires flashing their electric message,—all the inconceivable variety of human life,—all this he sees on its surface alone; while, beneath his feet, his thought penetrates below the roots of the mountains to that hidden ocean of living fire which eye of man shall never see.

Just so the first lesson for man as a child to learn is that Space is infinite; that he can send his thought onward for ever and ever in every direction, and still find himself in the very center of things. Developed man is to fill up this skeleton conception with all worlds and beings that are: with galaxy after galaxy filled with light and life; with destinies innumerable in trillions and trillions of planetary homes; with power, justice, wisdom, truth, and love vindicating themselves everywhere, in everything; while through all, above all, around all, and in all shine the light, life, and glory of the One Eternal, in whom are all things and by whom all things consist.

II. The power of God is infinite, and is coextensive with space and with all the other attributes of God.

All space is powerful space. There is no such thing as a power-vacuum. Empty space is an empty phrase. There is no cubic inch of empty space in the whole universe. Take a cubic inch of space midway between the sun and Sirius. Through that cubic inch the light and heat of Sirius pass.

Let us analyze the beam by the spectroscope, and see what this means. Commencing at the ultra-red end of the spectrum, let us start with the invisible heat waves. The longest of these we may call $\frac{1}{30,000}$ of an inch in length; that is, our cubic inch will contain 30,000 such waves. Omitting all delicate gradations of half-waves, quarter-waves, and so on, we will consider the next group to be those waves of which there are 30,001 to the inch, and the next 30,002, and so on. Each group of waves is present in the cubic inch at the self-same instant, and each passes through without the least interference from the other. When we arrive at 40,000 to the inch, we are well inside the visible red; and we must keep adding 40,001, 40,002, etc., to our series of waves. At 50,000 to the inch, we are in the center of the visible spectrum, and keep on adding, remembering all the while that the yellow and green waves are wholly independent of the red. At 60,000 to the inch, we are in the violet, and keep on adding as before. At 70,000, 80,000, 90,000, 100,000, we obtain wave-lengths in the ultra-violet, invisible chemical waves, each group being completely present in the cubic inch, and each being absolutely independent of all the rest. At last, we have obtained a fair notion of the number of waves which are present in our cubic inch at the self-same instant from Sirius alone; that is, if we considered Sirius to be a simple tiny point of flame instead of being a mighty globe millions of miles in diameter, each square inch of whose surface sends

forth a series of such waves. At the same instant there is present in the cubic inch a similar series of waves from every square inch of Arcturus, each wave of which does not interfere in the slightest degree with the waves of Sirius; also, from Vega, Canopus, Regulus, and the six thousand stars visible to the naked eye and the twenty million stars visible in a great telescope. Also, from the innumerable planets, whose faint light no telescope is fine enough to catch, a series equal in number to those of Sirius is present at the same instant in that same cubic inch. But how long is that instant? As light travels 190,000 miles in a second, this inconceivable series is changed into an entirely new series twelve billion times a second. Space is empty! But this is only one set of space-relations. Through that inch, the gravitating relations of Sirius with the whole universe in a straight line beyond that inch pass; and you must prolong that gravitating line to infinity for Sirius alone. Then a similar line for Arcturus, Vega, and the twenty millions of suns in our galaxy, and the billion planets, and the uncounted nebulae, and the infinite number of atoms of star-dust. Through that inch, all this passes simultaneously; and, at every instant, a different line is drawn, as each of these trillions of objects moves on its destined course. Each change in a star quintillions of miles away is instantly, without any time interval whatever, reported in that inch, so that the movement of the whole universe incessantly registers itself inside that inch. If an arch-

angel, after millions of years of study, could thoroughly know what goes on in that inch, we might say that he knew the universe.

The exactness of God is in that inch. Not a single one of this infinite number of results registers itself there wrongly, either as to quality or quantity.

The economy of God is in that inch. Not one vibration lost; not a single wave that does not produce its full effect; not an ounce of gravitation wasted.

The beauty of God registers itself in that inch. Apply, in imagination, a microscope magnifying trillions of diameters to that inch. Imagine each light-wave illumined, each with its appropriate color; each mingling with every other, with infinite perfection of shape and curve; each running through each, without displacement, confusion, injury, or loss; and, if the watching of sunlight or moonlight in its play upon the countless waves of lake or ocean be indescribably beautiful, what would such a sight as this be? The beauty of God is infinite, and is coextensive with space.

The love of God is in that inch. To whose eyes do these light-waves bring messages of cheer? To whose heart does day utter speech? To whose mind doth night show knowledge? Who inhabit the worlds that gravitation holds together? In a word, for whose sake is all this done? Out of the infinite number of acts of power that pass through that inch (and, in that inch, we may well say that the whole

universe registers itself at each moment), not a single one can be detected which is for the benefit or advantage of God. All, without exception, are acts of bounty to His finite children. The love of God is infinite, and is coextensive with space. The devout mediæval man knelt in awe-struck ecstasy before the throne of God. Around that throne, the archangels stood, rank above rank. Around that throne wheeled the host of suns and stars. From thence, through the realms of space, flew thick and fast the arrows of His will. From thence, He ordered all things in heaven and earth; and yet not Saint Bernard himself, in highest rapture of devotion, could conceive, as sitting on that throne, as much power, wisdom, beauty, and benignity as dwells in one single inch of space.

III. The exactness of God is infinite, and is co-extensive with space and all the other attributes of God.

The Archangel Mathesis forever stands at the right hand of the throne of God. She claims it, not simply as her right, but as her duty, to calculate all of His wondrous ways that are calculable. Reverently, with folded wings, but firmly, standing on her feet, and looking with undazzled eye into the very blaze of the everlasting glory, on tablets of steel, with pen of adamant, she forecasts the results of the exactness of God. She claims as her own every motion, thrill, and throb of every atom of matter in the universe. She foretells the fated course of the stars. She predicts the result of every heave

of the mighty forces imprisoned in the bosoms of all worlds. No quiver of a leaf, no sparkle of a wave, no gleam of color in the tiniest flower, no throb of sunlight, moonlight, starlight, escapes her. Every bone, muscle, nerve, blood corpuscle, every hair-tip, every invisible molecular change in every plant and animal, pays tribute to her. No blush of a maiden's cheek, no thought in a sage's brain, no thrill of inspiration in a prophet's heart, no ecstasy of worship in the rapt saint's inmost soul, can claim complete exemption from her all-pervading scrutiny. She calculates the power of every heart-beat, the exact amount of tissue used up in each single thought, and knows that no life-change, however sublime it be, can ever go on without her. The whole realm of fate is her province; and fate, she knows, is the adamant base on which all finite freedom must be built. And to man she saith, "Thy wisdom is to know this: on this stone build the house of thy life; for, if it fall upon thee, it will grind thee to powder."

IV. The economy of God is infinite, and is coextensive with space and with all the other attributes of God.

The science of the last hundred years is one long comment on this mighty text. The eighteenth century discovered that matter cannot be destroyed. The nineteenth century has discovered that force cannot be destroyed. The twentieth century will discover that mind cannot be destroyed. No single atom of matter in all the starry spaces was ever lost;

may, no atom has ever lost a trillionth part of its potency. No unit of force was ever lost. Unbroken, undiminished, it keeps acting on the universe for ever and ever. In all the starry spaces, no mind was ever lost: it keeps living on in the midst of God for ever and ever. To-day we believe, to-morrow we shall know,

“That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.”

Emerson said that ‘it must be possible to make such a statement of religion as would make all scepticism ridiculous.’ We are fast arriving at this. Certainly, we are already able to make a statement concerning infinite space that makes all scepticism about infinite space ridiculous. The proof that power is coextensive with space makes all scepticism about infinite power ridiculous. A similar statement concerning that infinite exactness and economy which are coextensive with space is becoming part of mathematics. Very soon, we shall have a statement of infinite beauty, justice, and love which will equally make all scepticism about them also ridiculous.

In the meantime, never call a man an atheist who believes in and is grieved by one single attribute of God, who is awe-struck with the immensity of space or ravished with the perception of infinite beauty. It is a great thing even to believe that

power is, and is a rewarder of those who diligently seek it.

V. The justice of God is infinite, and is coextensive with space and all the other attributes of God.

Michael, the archangel of justice, standing at the right hand of God, with the balances in his left hand and a drawn sword in his right, is the twin brother of Mathesis; for exactness in the material world corresponds to justice in the moral world. That which a man soweth, that shall he also reap. He who sows to the flesh shall to the flesh reap corruption, and he who sows to the spirit shall to the spirit reap life everlasting.

The justice of God is everywhere, and everywhere makes right might, makes wrong weak, makes selfishness stab itself with its own hands.

Daily, the solar system travels through its millions of miles of space; yet no one ever saw one law either alter or grow weak. For the eternal law is equally potent everywhere.

But here comes a deeply needed caution; we are artificially dividing God into attributes.

If you take a red glass, you will see the whole view red. Take a blue glass, and you will see the whole landscape just as well as before. Every tree, hill, and house is in the same relative position: it is simply colored differently. It was red: it is now blue. And so on of all the colors.

Now, a red glass is red, just because it lets the red rays through, and stops the others. A blue glass is blue for the same reason. Only when you

get a colorless glass—that is, one that lets all the rays through with equal facility—do you see the view as it really is in nature, with its thousand hues of green and blue and gold.

In a precisely similar manner, we may behold the Divine Nature as through glasses of different hues.

If we look at God through the red glass of justice, we shall see infinite space only under the color of justice. Star and system, each vast, each tiny life, will be there, only seen through the monochromatic light of justice. There will still be due proportion to everything, for God's justice is equally present in everything. All space will still be represented, for God's justice is coextensive with God's space. Only, we must carefully bear in mind, that we are excluding from our sight the tender shades that are equally present everywhere. We are deliberately making an artificial glare over everything.

But some one may say: "But red and yellow, green and blue, are different from each other." Yes: but they are simply different movements of the same element. The immense ocean of ether, which is in all space, is one; and red and green and blue are all waves of that one ocean, differing in breadth and height,—that is all.

Just so we must think of power, justice, wisdom in God as so many modes or attributes of His one infinite being.

VI. The wisdom of God is infinite, and is coextensive with space and all the other attributes of God.

If an archangel had been given the problem,—“Nothing but God completely filling all space with His presence. From this to show how universes of matter and finite mind can be created,”—the archangel himself would have been baffled.

How to make shore and boundary in the midst of the fathomless deep of God; how to build little local earth homes in the midst of limitless space; how to contrive that somewhere in the eaves of the temple of eternity the sparrow should find a house and the swallow a nest where she might lay her young; how to make material globes out of pure invisible space,—that was the problem; and that problem has been solved.

Wisdom is that which conceives some mighty plan, in order to achieve some great object. The wisdom is shown in the perfect adaptation of the plan to the fulfilment of the object. Make no mistake here. Be sure you are thinking all wrong, if ever you attribute to yourself a power that the great universe has not. You yourself have some capacity to plan, have some power to adapt means to ends. What a surprising little person you would be if the whole galaxy were to stand astonished at the new revelation you made to it; no such thing had ever been seen before! It is true that God's plan in creation has not been understood; and it is sadly true that most men seem to have lavished so much reverence on an unreal plan of creation that they seem to have none left for the real one. The old idea was that God made stars, suns, earths, plants, ani-

mals, and men out of nothing, just as they are. This thought has vanished to return no more, but only to give place to the thought of a plan immeasurably vaster, more inconceivably wonderful. You have to conceive that, before ever the atoms were, the thought of God planned out the whole creation; and that, out of His own being, He willed that the innumerable atoms which form the visible universe should proceed, and that each and all, in perfect proportions, should join together to build the mighty whole; and that everything thus planned and created was seen, from the very beginning, to be very good; and that, from that infinitely remote instant, no single atom has ever changed in size or in velocity of interior motion; that the proportions of each, thought out beforehand, have been absolutely kept, and that the result of this inconceivable dance of matter has been, and will forever be, good; and that each combination is the best possible, in order to reach the result aimed at. The thought of oxygen and hydrogen combining to form water is an absolutely perfect thought, and will forever produce good. This is equally true of each one of the immense series. Silicon, nitrogen, and carbon spring from a divinely perfect thought,—a thought that has resulted in divinely perfect action; while each one of their combinations with the other elements, and each of their relations to the perfect whole, are equally perfect. Granted the atoms and their spin, granted the pressure of God's presence everywhere, and you can predict the galaxy. Grant free motion

of finite spirit within infinite Spirit, and you have free souls peopling that galaxy.

You are shut up, I say, to the conclusion that, before ever the worlds and atoms were, the thought of God measured size, shape, and velocity of spin of every atom, and also fitted each set of atoms to every other before He made them, unless you are ready to maintain that from all eternity, in a given inch, ten thousand trillions of little, self-existent eternal oxygen gods found themselves, to their surprise, all exactly alike, and agreed, as it were, to act together; and then, still more to their surprise, became aware that there were in the self-same inch twenty thousand trillions of little, self-existent, eternal hydrogen gods, all exactly like each other, and all precisely fitted to join together with half their number of oxygen gods or goddesses, as the case might be, and so on and so on, to the end of the ridiculous chapter. If you back out and shelter yourself in mystery, and say that the mystery of self-existent atoms is no greater than the mystery of creation, then I answer, One tremendous mystery in one universe is immeasurably more probable than a series of little petty mysteries, whose number could not be put down, if you filled the whole orbit of Neptune with figures so small that you would have to use a microscope to see them.

Forever the atom sings its tiny song in the ears of God,—a song of perfect, infinite content; for it knows that it and its Maker are alike perfect. To all eternity, it fulfils His will with absolutely un-

questioning obedience. Now floating in the sunlight, now imprisoned in the petal of a flower, now hidden for seeming eternal ages in the darkness of the mine or entombed in the awful splendor of the central fires; now throbbing with the sun's inconceivable heat, now chilled by the bitter cold of interstellar space,—always and everywhere, with equal and unchanged joy, it fills its tiny but essential place in the unfathomable creation of God. It cannot “serve Him much”; but it can serve Him forever, and can “please Him perfectly.”

“Would'st thou the highest life know, the ‘atom’ can
whisper its secret.

What that is without will, that be thou, man, with a will.”

VII. The love of God is infinite, and is coextensive with space and all the other attributes of God.

“Tell me a man's ruling love,” said Swedenborg, “and I will tell you what he is.” Equally true is this, “Give me the sum total of a man's actions, and I will find out from them his ruling love.” Let us then judge God by His acts. Whose are the iron and the stone? Whose are the cattle on a thousand hills? For whom do waves sparkle, winds blow, leaves rustle? and for whom does earth pour forth her fruit? Is it for the sake of God that the sun shines, that the moon lights up the night? Has He built the stars for His habitation, and do their light-waves carry messages to Him? Does gravitation keep His house together over His head? What, then, is all this creation for? Whose wants does it meet? Whose intellect does it stimulate?

Whose life does it create, protect, and glorify? There is but one inevitable answer. The whole galaxy is built, gravitation pulls, light shines, electricity thrills, and the atoms cohere to form the worlds, simply and solely for the benefit of God's children. The whole cosmos is one mighty token of His love.

It is strange to hear a man like Tyndall speak of what seems the "appalling indifference" of nature to the woes of man, as if nature were one thing and man another, and they existed in two different universes, made by two different beings, for two different purposes, the truth being that this seeming indifference is the crowning triumph of the love divine. It means that in matter God has subjected Himself to man, that in matter God takes upon Himself the form of a servant, that in matter God is absolutely obedient to the dictates of His creatures. Keep the laws of matter, and you can shape it to what moulds you please. Meekly it will undergo all the blows wherewith you fashion it. With fire-beat and hammer-beat, you weld it to your will. In every mighty workshop of the modern day there is many a Jacob who will suddenly awake from his dream and say, "God was in this place, and I knew it not." In matter, man is the master, and God the servant; man proposes, and disposes also. In matter, God abdicates realm after realm of His kingdom, in order that His children may have a kingdom too. But it is more than this. God has only His own substance out of which to make this kingdom.

In matter, God, by a divine act of transubstantiation, forever saith, "Take, eat: this is my body which is given for you!"

But you say, "Now, you yourself are limiting the power of God." Nay: it is God Himself who is limiting His own power.

We do not understand in the least the perfection of God's self-surrender until we know that it is absolute.

God has given his worlds away, and cannot take them back again. He has given to us, His children, real eminent domain, over the things He has made.

God has reserved to Himself absolutely nothing of the galaxy. All is now the absolute property of His children. He has only reserved to Himself the right to protect, to guide, to ransom, to rescue, to forgive, the right in all their affliction to be afflicted, the right to comfort and cheer and strengthen, and the right to protect the weak against the strong and to visit the one who wrongs his neighbor.

Jesus did not invent self-sacrifice. He discovered it,—discovered that self-sacrifice is the great central law of the universe, that this is the heart of God. He obeyed it, loved it, lived it, and gave himself for it.

God is love. This is the gospel, the good tidings which proclaim liberty to all captives and comfort all that mourn. It is the good news to all, to the weak as well as to the strong. God is love.

Here is a poor, lonely, forlorn old woman, living all by herself in some crazy attic in a tenement

house. Husband, children, friends, are all dead and gone. It is night. The weary toil of the day, too much for the feeble frame, is over at last; and now the one romance of her desolate life begins.

By the light of her one tallow candle, she opens her well-thumbed Bible at the passage which tells of that rest which remaineth for the people of God, of that better, that heavenly country, where her dead are alive to God. Unconsciously, she is trying a great experiment. In this miserable room is there anything besides rickety floor, falling plaster, crazy stove, and single chair, and table and empty space around?

Yes; there is. She reads on, and the loved faces seem to smile once more upon her, and the loneliness departs; for the Love Eternal which surrounds her makes her sleep once more in safety.

She dies; and the beloved ones meet her, and lead her toward the great company of "loyal hearts and true," that she may hear the life-song of the redeemed. It fills her soul with joy at first. But very timidly, after a time, she asks if ever she may be possibly allowed just to catch a far-off glimpse of that third heaven she has read of, where God Himself is moon and sun. Oh, yes! they will take her at once. Swiftly, they carry her to that blest place. But where is she? Why, she is standing in the old rickety attic. This is the very stove, these the tumble-down walls. Here is each common thing that her past life wearied of so often. But, lo! wall and stove, chair and table, begin to

shine, to grow transparent, to become part and parcel of the Love Divine, all love excelling. She has seen God, seen the fulness of Him that filleth all things.

One day, it shall be thus with us all—

“Soon the whole,
Like a parted scroll,
Shall before my amazed sight uproll,
And then be seen,
In unclouded sheen,
The Presence wherein I have ever been.”

THE DIVINE UNITY.

HENRY M. SIMMONS.

The idea of Divine Unity is found in various stages of growth in the Bible. The Israelites long served many gods and believed in more, and even so late and honored a sage as Solomon worshiped five. But this polytheism passed, and the saying ran: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord,"—or as better translated, "Jehovah is our God, Jehovah alone." He came also at length to be thought not merely God of Israel, but of all nations and nature; and the Deuteronomist says that to him "belongeth the heaven and the heaven of heavens, the earth with all that is therein." Nor was Jehovah's rule shared yet by any Satan. The author of the later Isaiah ascribes to him all bad as well as good, and makes him claim to "create evil" and "do all these things," "there is none else." The diverse gods were united at last; and Zechariah, predicting the time when Jehovah should be seen as "king over all the earth," said, "The Lord shall be one, and his name one."

But now and then some seer declared the Unity of God better;—not that of a ruler throned above, using earth for footstool and counting nations nothing, but that of one guardian presence in all, and even one with all. "Do I not fill heaven and earth?" he says in Jeremiah; and another declares

that "the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain him." The familiar psalm finds him in "the uttermost parts of the sea," in morning light and midnight darkness, in heaven and hell alike. So the Christian apostle tells even idolatrous Athenians that this God is with them, for in him they live and have their being. Not only were all in him, but he in all; and Paul asks the carnal and corrupt Corinthians, if they did not know that they were the "temple of God?" Nor did Deity dwell in men merely as his shrines, but as his sons, and so still more closely one with them. The Jews of Jesus' day were wont to call him "our Father"; the apostle told the heathen Greeks that God was their Father too; and the epistle to the Ephesians calls him "Father of all, over all and through all and in all." And these writers, as well as Jesus, often call men "Sons of God."

In such sayings we reach a higher idea of unity. God was not merely one personal will apart from the world; but a diviner One, including the world and pervading all things in it, uniting all in his infinite life. He was not merely one in himself, but one with men, and so calling them to be one with each other. The Divine Unity included, as its best earthly meaning, the human unity.

Hence with the growth of the idea, religion more and more regarded the *unity of men*. The belief in one Lord of all nations rebuked the old wars fought in the name of rival gods; and the sanguine monotheistic prophets pictured the coming day

when the world would beat its weapons into plowshares, and “not learn war any more.” These prophets made even religion consist chiefly of humanity. Hosea says the Lord wants mercy and not sacrifice; Amos asserts that the maker of the Pleiades and Orion has no delight in their solemn assemblies or psalms, and only asks for justice; Isaiah makes light of their sabbaths and ceremonies and prayers, and bids them rather “relieve the oppressed”; and Micah says the Lord requires nothing of them but “to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with him.” Later teachers made religion look still more manward. Rabbi Hillel said the Golden Rule was the sum of the Old Testament law; and Jesus afterward said it was “the law and the prophets” too.

Indeed *Jesus* left little of the old religion except this human love and spirit of unity among men. He broke the Sabbath, they said; he compared their religious fasts and similar ceremonies to old bottles about to burst, and old clothes past patching; he commanded them to leave the very altar until they were reconciled to others,—as if peace were more important than praying. In fact he put peace at the head of religious duties, and gave to mere peace-makers his best blessing, and the highest name of “sons of God.” He preached peace even to the degree of overlooking evil. He cited the sunshine and rain falling on good and evil alike, as sign that God was perfect, and bade men be as perfect; and he was himself so true to the teaching, that

Renan says Jesus had a divine incapacity of seeing evil. In this spirit he forgave his very murderers, preached love even to enemies, and made religion consist chiefly of the feelings that unite men.

The same thought prevails in the *apostles* also. They did indeed add some doctrines about Jesus, which would have surprised him and may not satisfy us. But if we overlook these, we find their emphasis ever on peace and love. Paul exhorts the Thessalonians to "abound in love toward one another and toward all men"; he urges the Romans to "be at peace with all men," and says that "love is the fulfilling of the law." He rebukes the Corinthians for their divisions, and preaches to them a charity as broad as Jesus' incapacity of seeing evil;—says that charity "thinketh no evil," or, in the new version, "taketh no account of evil." And this charity he puts above everything else;—above prophecy, which "shall be done away"; above the miracles that could "remove mountains"; above the martyrdom that gives its "body to be burned"; above even faith and hope, "the greatest of these is charity." Other epistles lay equal stress upon love and unity. That to the Colossians urges them to forbear and forgive, and "above all these things, to put on love, which is the bond of perfectness." That to the Ephesians, which teaches so grandly the Unity of God "through all and in all," especially emphasizes the unity of men. It urges them to "keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," to "walk in love" and "be rooted and grounded in love," and in their very

armor to be shod with the "gospel of peace." It represents Christ as a uniter of Hebrews and heathen, and calls him "our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition." Still more was God seen as a uniter, and continually called the "God of peace," and "the God of love and peace." And in the epistle of John, God is especially identified with human love. Every one that loveth, is most closely one with God; for "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him." The love that unites men is itself God.

Here we touch the deepest truth in the doctrine. God is not only One in all, but is especially what makes all one. He not only unites all, but is peculiarly the uniting principle. God is the infinite One, living in every thing; but living most in human love, and hence worshiped best by that.

So far is the idea carried in the Bible. Not indeed that it is found throughout the Bible, for it is often denied there. Still less is it found in the Bible alone. It was often declared by Roman and Greek philosophers long before Paul, and was familiar in the higher thought of Egypt and elsewhere before the Hebrews were heard of. Still it was very grandly expressed in these later Jewish and early Christian writings. And what sentence of ancient or modern literature sums religious truth with more precision and perfection than that: "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us"? The most practical precept, the most perfect theology, the

most profound philosophy,—all packed in eight Greek words.

But this truth was not always remembered even by the apostles, and was quite forgotten by most of their successors. A school of Christians, represented by such men as Clement of Alexandria and Origen, continued to teach one God “above all and through all and in all”; but most chose a narrower thought, and the leading idea of the Church became not unity, but *division*. Christianity soon taught a divided God, and hence a divided humanity.

This division came chiefly from the inherited doctrine of a devil. For long before the apostles, the higher Hebrew monotheism had been modified by Persian dualism, and Jehovah’s kingdom divided with a new ruler called Satan. Evil, which the great prophet’s God created and took care of, was now all assigned to this rival; and inasmuch as evil generally means everything except the little which the speaker likes, Satan’s share was much the larger. This later Jewish doctrine naturally remained in Christian thought; and this Satan, who is mentioned only in three late passages of the Old Testament, and there only as a sort of servant of God, often appears in the New Testament as God’s foe, and so powerful as to be called “the prince of the world.”

This division was not only thus inevitable, but was in a sense true. The Divine Unity does include a duality and ever works with opposing principles. The globe is moulded and its orbit

marked out by two contending forces,—one seeking to centralize, the other to separate. On earth, all advance,—from gas to granite, from algæ to elms, from mollusks to man, and through all human progress,—has come through the opposing processes of creation and destruction, growth and decay. These processes, though one to the divine view, are distinct to the human, and must be contrasted as good and bad. Man naturally personifies too; the ancient Persian saw his bad as Ahriman, and the Englishman still spells his evil with a D, until he learns better. So apostles, in the manner of their times, saw evil enough, and called it Satan, the adversary;—and we cannot condemn them for it. Rather we must commend some of them for separating good and evil so wisely,—not by the superficial tests common in religion, but by the deep distinction of love and hate, unity and discord. Paul, if not always seeing the full breadth and depth of the Divine Unity, still saw that human unity is the divinest thing on earth. His evils are “enmities, strife, factions, divisions”; his fruits of the spirit, “love, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness.” Beneath names, his evil and devil were chiefly what divided men; his good and God what united them. All would have been well, had the church kept to this principle.

But the Church soon began to separate good and evil by quite another line. It yielded to the common tendency, and judged not by a principle, but by a *name*. Its good ceased to mean love, and

came to mean only what took the name of Christ. Its evil ceased to mean hate, and came to mean everything which was not called by the Christian name. This was not Jesus' fault, for he had been far too noble to care for his name. Indeed he rebuked those who called him "Lord, Lord," and who said we "have prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done" so many wonderful things. The word he had for those people, was "Depart from me, ye that work iniquity;" and there is no record that they had worked any other iniquity than relying on his name. Possibly Jesus really meant,—what all history has proved,—that reliance on names instead of principles does "work iniquity" of the worst kind. At any rate, he told them not to use his name as a test. But they did,—and soon made an end of charity by it. Even that epistle which says God dwells in all who love each other, teaches that he dwells only in the little Church though, and says: "We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in the evil one." Such thoughts grew more common, until the apostle's Christ, who was a uniter and had "broken down the wall of partition," became a divider, and built a worse wall than the old one. By his name, the Church walled off the heathen and even the Hebrews, walled off most of mankind as cursed, and not only divided God's kingdom, but gave nearly all of it to that Satan of whom the Old Testament prophets did not so much as know the existence.

Nor did the division stop here, but divided the little that was left. This partial God was made a trinity of persons; and, far worse, the Church was divided and redivided over this and other theological questions. The partitions multiplied, and Christendom was separated by dogmas into more sects than can be catalogued in a sermon. It was divided even by the ceremonies which Jesus compared to old clothes. That fasting which he rejected gave rise to endless contentions how it should be kept, and came to be thought so religious that we read of the Russian robber who killed a traveler, but would not eat the meat found in the cart because it was fast-day. Instead of leaving the altar until they were reconciled, Christians quarreled past reconciliation about the acts and attitudes at the altar. Baptism became more important than purity, and an atonement for impurity; and disputes about it sometimes ended in a baptism of blood. Paul, rebuking the Corinthians for their contentions, says he does "thank God" that he baptized so few of them;—and well he might, considering how such rites have called attention away from that love which Jesus and Paul made the one thing needful in religion. This was so often neglected that Tennyson says :

"Christian love among the churches looked the twin of heathen hate."

Unity was forgotten, and in consequence Jesus' teachings were reversed to a degree that would be laughable, if not so lamentable. Renouncing his

saying that all peace-makers were "sons of God," his worshipers made war on those who would not deny it by calling him the only son of God. Reversing his charge to forgive "them which despitefully use you and persecute you," Christianity despitefully used its own mother, and persecuted the very nation that furnished its Scriptures and Messiah. The gospel of brotherhood was preached by bloodshed. The dying knight, when told that he must forgive his enemies, said he had none, he had killed them all; and to Jesus' command to love its enemies, the Church could sometimes reply that there were not many left. Even those who were not enemies did not always escape; and the command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," was sometimes translated, "Burn your neighbor, if he does not believe like you." So many and great evils came from that error of division. Recognition of the Divine Unity, and its corollary of human unity, would have prevented every one, and saved history from half its horrors.

But that forgotten truth at length began to reassert itself. The Unity of God was again declared, and the name Unitarian arose as opposed to Trinitarian. But, of far more importance, its involved principle of *human unity* began to be seen by men of all sects. It was seen that brothers ought not to be divided by mere ceremonies, and that there was "one God and Father of all" who kept their doctrines correct. With more advance

it was felt that men ought not to be divided by minor differences of doctrine, and that there was "one God over all" Christians. So peace grew between the most divergent Christian sects. Even Trinitarians and Unitarians united as far as was proper; and Lowell pictures Calvin and Servetus meeting "at one board," to enjoy a "milder roast,"

"And o'er their claret settle Comte unread."

And when read, even Comte, and countless others not called Christians, prove to be as true to Christ as is the Church,—and often truer. Take, for instance, that *peace-making* which Jesus put first as sign of very "sons of God." Christian nations, in scorn of that sentiment, have made history a record of wars; and it is said that even now American farmers and merchants would not seriously object to a foreign campaign which should destroy half a million men, if it would raise the price of wheat a few cents. Nor has the Church condemned the custom very severely. With war murdering five millions of men the last century, and mangling more, and breeding brutal sentiments to last a century to come,—an English writer says that in fifty years' attendance at church, he has heard only one sermon against it. Francis A. Walker makes a similar charge against the preaching of this country, and calls our clergy "the most demoralized body in the community in this respect." But heretics, from Voltaire since, have been preaching against this evil. The recent wars of England, while supported by nearly all her established clergy,

have been actively opposed by positivists and agnostics, like Frederick Harrison and John Morley. Herbert Spencer rebukes "the ten thousand priests of the religion of love, who are silent when the nation is moved by the religion of hate;" and one said that Bradlaugh, the atheist, ought to be made Archbishop of Canterbury, since he was so good an advocate of Jesus' religion of peace, while the occupant of that see was false to it. The Christian name is evidently a poor religious test.

With wider knowledge, even *the heathen* beyond the influence of Christianity and before it, prove to have had a quite similar religion. That Golden Rule which Jesus said summed "the law and the prophets," appears in the ancient literature of China and elsewhere so common that Christians have almost ceased to regret it; and the Chinaman seems to live up to it as well as the American believers who set fire to his house and shoot him. Our hostility to the heathen was partly ignorance. Charles Lamb, when asked how he could say that he hated a certain man whom he did not even know, replied: "How could I hate him if I did know him?" Our hate of the heathen softens as we know them better. Travelers tell of their virtues; and recent writers have been praising the moral progress made under Mohammedanism in Africa, where the advance of European civilization is marked chiefly by gin-bottles. Even missionaries admit the heathen merits; and, according to the *New York Tribune*, Dr. Scudder said that "for unmixed wickedness and utter

moral depravity, no city of Asia could equal Chicago." In order to keep the "missionary nerve" uncut, it is still taught that Chicago is going to paradise and Calcutta to the pit,—and without probation; but the humaner missionaries wince under this gospel, and inwardly wish that the divine decrees might have been more just.

Men prove alike the world over, and their religions much alike. When Conway said he was studying the Scriptures Thoreau asked, "Which Scriptures?" there were so many. The Christian has a grand Bible; but he cannot read it much without wishing that he might exchange a part of it for heathen literature. Human brotherhood was nobly taught in the early Church; but was also taught the century before by pagan Cicero "as distinctly," Lecky says. The divine Fatherhood was well declared by the apostles; but when one of them preached it to the Athenians, he took his text from one of their own pagan poets; and the faith was already fossilized long before in the heathen name, Jupiter, the Heaven-Father. Duty to man and faith in God are taught little better in the average pulpit to-day, than in that old Egyptian Prisse papyrus, whose very ink is supposed to have been dried centuries before Moses. Revelation is the monopoly of no one religion, and the wise men of all faiths have often united in this confession. Says the old Chinese apothegm: "The broad-minded man regards all religions as embodying the same truths." Says the Persian sentence: "To

him who has risen to the throne of the Highest, all religions are alike; Christians, Jews, Guebres, Moslems, all adore him in their several ways." And our own poet sings that in the love and self-sacrifice of all ages,

"I see the same white wings outspread,
That hovered o'er the master's head;"

and that in all lands, religious truth is one, and

"Whoso hath eyes to see, may see
The tokens of its unity."

And not only in the diverse religions are we finding this unity, but *in all things*. History comes back from its study of states and institutions, laws, legends, literatures, languages,—to proclaim that all races are alike and all mankind one. One with the animal world too,—adds Anthropology, tracing man backward almost to a quadruped. And the whole animal world is one, says Zoology, from her researches amid blending species and indistinguishable cells. The vegetable world also is one, replies Botany. Aye, and both together are one, adds Biology, unable to say on which side of the line the lowest forms belong. There is no line, but the whole organic world is one. One with the inorganic also, continues science, seeing the old wall between them dissolve in protoplasm. All earthly forms are one, shaped from the same substances, and by the same forces. All these forces are one too, adds Physics,—transmuting motion, heat, light,

electricity, magnetism, into each other, and getting all from the same gravity which moulded and moves the earth. And the same gravity moves all other worlds, unites all as one, and seems to have made all out of one,—adds Astronomy, tracing the same orbits and elements through the universe. Even these few elements, too, into which Chemistry dissolves the earth and the stars, are suspected to have been compounded from fewer, and to have come originally from one.

Such unity have earth's diversities disclosed. Grant Allen, in his recent article on the last fifty years of science, says "its key-note has been the idea of unity." This note of science is religious too. J. Addington Symonds, in his article on the progress of thought in the same period, says: "When we begin to regard this unity with eyes from which the scales of Christian antagonism have fallen, we discover that we cannot think of it except as spiritual;" and that science, "while establishing law, has prepared the way for the identification of law with God." Science has only enlarged the old thought, and shown "one Father of all" substances as well as souls, "through all and in all" things. Humanity is one, life one, forms one, forces one, the universe one,—and all these ones united in that infinite One we call God. Each investigator reports as the deepest truth he has found, *Unity*: all join to chant as the central truth of creation, *Unity*; and religion hears it as another psalm singing more sublimely the *Unity of God*.

In this highest Unity, even *good and evil* become reconciled. Deepest thought sees no more room for devil than did the great prophet; but its God, like his, says, "I create evil, there is none else." Evil is not Satanic to an infinite view. Disease, death, decay, destruction, and all physical losses, come from laws that guard life, and are ever advancing it. They are bad only to the narrow outlook. Man, getting a moment's glimpse of eternity and infinity through the pinhole of his present personality, sees what seem evil and good. But to the infinite eye these are but the ebb and flow of the eternal tide; the completed swing of the pendulum of progress; the falling and unfolding leaves on the tree of life; the go and come of the beating pulse and warming breath of love.

Moral evils also lessen to the larger view. Suffering and sorrow ripen the soul until it counts them gain. Passions are the foundation of principles, and struggle against them brings strength. Sacrifice begins in selfishness, even love began with lust, and the worst vices have virtues waiting beneath them. Evils are the lower steps in the ascent of the soul and of society. Each person or class or religion, looking up and down the ladder, divides it into good above and bad below. But the rung which each has beneath the feet as bad, some other is looking up toward as good,—and the evil is only relative. It is not even real to the infinite vision, which sees the ladder undivided, and good and evil one.

On this thought religion rises to that *divine forgiveness* which Jesus showed. It sees how often the worst acts come from ignorance;—just as he forgave his murderers, “for they know not what they do.” It attains to that divine impartiality which Jesus praised in the sun; and seeks, like that, to shed heavenly light and warmth on good and evil without distinction. It rises to that charity which Paul says “taketh no account of evil.” The highest religion will take “no account of evil”; but ceasing to abuse that, will seek rather to strengthen good, which is the best cure of bad. Religion will at last learn, as the wisest men of all faiths have taught, to return good for evil and love for hate, Leaving all bitterness, it will aim to unite men, and oppose only what divides them. Not that even divisions are always evil, but religion has better work than aiding them. In the secular field we must have strife;—the rivalry of business men, the contention of political parties, the fiery zeal of reformers seeing only their side. This strife is a necessary element of progress. But it is the secular element. Six days of it are enough. On the sacred seventh, strife should cease; and religion, recalling us from our divisions, should try to reunite us by this deeper truth of Unity. Let partisans proclaim their dividing principles, let moralists contend over good and evil, let sects dispute as they may desire;—but let religion preach its diviner gospel of peace and love. The priest’s should be like “The Poet’s Creed”:

“ I am in love with Love,
And the sole thing I hate is hate ;
For hate is the unpardonable sin,
And Love the Holy Ghost within.”

This truth of Divine Unity is the central and saving doctrine of religion. But it must be made far larger and deeper than that denial of the Trinity with which many have confounded it. Indeed the trinity was true enough,—what there was of it,—and did not need denial, but extension. Warner’s wise guide in the Adirondacks, hearing Sunday-school teachers discuss the Trinity, said “they had better call it Legion”; and we need to see not merely “three in one,” but infinity in one, and all things as the “diversities of operations” of the “God which worketh all in all.” We need still to teach a “Father and Son and Holy Spirit”;—only we should, like Jesus, see a son in every one of the millions of peace-makers among men, and the Holy Spirit in every upright person on earth, Christian and heathen alike.

For religion is so divine that it ought not to be limited by even the Christian name. Jesus was a most noble soul,—altogether too noble to wish his name used to narrow the thought of God and to divide humanity; and to all who so misuse it, he would doubtless still say, “Depart from me, ye that work iniquity.” Whosoever uses the name of Christ as a shibboleth, only shows thereby how little he has of the spirit of Christ. Christianity has been the richest province in the kingdom of God on earth.

But in that vast kingdom, embracing so many religions and races and millennia, it is only a province, —and the Christian name only a provincialism. In the living language of the eternal religion of God, this name, except as a noble historic term, will yet become as obsolete as Jesus seems to have ordered; and religion will be referred to that divine and universal sentiment of the soul, which, Emerson said, “carries innumerable Christianities in its bosom.”

Nor will true religion let itself be divided by even the name of God. Many who reject the name are still true to its highest meaning; and agnostics and even atheists often show more religious spirit than the men who talk glibly of Deity. Indeed, seeing how often the supposed denial of God is but the denial of some degrading definition of him, to assert a diviner Being, the true worshiper will be quite willing to be called atheist. One is sometimes forced to harbor the thought which Thoreau uttered and Emerson admired, that God himself might prefer atheism. Religion need have no fear that it will lose Deity. The blundering boaster of his irreligion, said, “I’m an atheist, thank God”; and denials of Deity have never been any more successful. We can give room to any denial, knowing that it will only deny itself and end in new demonstration.

But this Unity, which cannot be denied and is proclaimed in suns and souls alike, is itself the largest name of God. It is the truth that includes all others, and God is “One and His name One”

in a deeper sense than the prophet probably meant. So the work for unity among men is his highest service. All who share in that, in every church and none, are his saints. Peace-makers, whether orthodox or atheists, still "shall be called the Sons of God." They are even one with him; for still every one who "dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him," and needs not to invoke a Divine presence in worship. Human love is itself the best worship. Human love is itself the holiest presence of God; and is the best proof that the Divine Love, which has produced it and lives in it, will fulfill all the promises whispered there.

THE REVELATION OF GOD.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

My subject is the "Revelation of God." That there is such a revelation cannot be less certain than that God exists, or even *is*,—to make a philosophical distinction. For we can be certain that God is only by some revelation of him. God unrevealed would not be necessarily the unknowable, but he would certainly be the unknown. But to affirm that a known God implies a revelation is not to affirm that the necessary revelation must be supernatural. The term has generally had this meaning. But its derivative meaning is simply *unveiling*. I am aware that traditional usage is more competent to fix the meaning of a word than derivation. But there is as little reason for letting traditionalism have all the good words as for letting the devil have all the good tunes, albeit he is welcome to some that are considered good in these last days. Everything that makes God known to man, and everything that is made known concerning him, is revelation.

There have been and there are those who, desirous of the name or the prestige of it, and sometimes for much better reasons, while giving up the customary meaning which identifies revelation with a supernatural—*i. e.*, miraculously authenticated—

message, still claim for it a semi-supernatural meaning, in that they make it representative of a special kind of knowledge, superior to and independent of experience; a transcendental intuition of the higher reason rather than a laborious conquest of the understanding, or in any way conditioned by the limits of our ordinary knowledge. But whether there is or not this double-mindedness in man, this higher apprehension not developed from the lower, I insist that we should not confine the scope of revelation to the higher knowledge, but rather hold it true (as one of our own poets, Doctor Martineau, hath said) "that every fruitful study of human things implies a real insight into things divine;" and that "knowledge of God, like knowledge of human things, however partial, may yet be direct and progressive," and, as such, a revelation of his character and life.

To attain unto the revelation of God has been the hope, the dream, the yearning, and the passion of many generations of the world and of countless millions of mankind. Nor have the generations of the world, the millions of mankind, cherished at any time a grander hope, or dreamed a better dream, or entertained a deeper yearning, or been moved by a more glorious passion, than in relation to this matter. There are those who, born, or born again, into some Flatland of contented ignorance, are wont to think and speak of the hope for, and the effort to attain unto, the knowledge of God as fruitless and ignoble. But, though it were never so fruitless, it would not be ignoble. Surely by nothing have men

more approved their nobleness than by their inability to sit down in quiet patience, or to lie in slothful ease, before the curtain that conceals the mystery of the Eternal; even as the imprisoned bird, beating his wings against the obstructions of his cage in futile efforts to escape into the heaven's illimitable blue, is by such fruitlessness approved a creature of diviner essence than if, so long as he had seeds enough to eat and other comfortable appliances, he were not concerned with anything which possibly might lie beyond his gilded bars. As the bird's restlessness declares him native to the fields and sky, so man's impatience with the limitations of his knowledge declares him native to an infinite inheritance of expansive reason. Nor is it any derogation to his nature that he has been hardly more contented with blank ignorance than with the observation of a multitude of unrelated facts or even with their co-ordination into laws of narrow range and special application. The true, the characteristic man is like unto his glorious image who was busy ever

“ Searching through all he felt or saw,
The springs of life, the depths of awe,
To find the law within the law.”

Like the Orient sage, he seeks “an all-pervading unity.” Like one who climbs a mountain's mighty stairs, and finds himself at length with nothing but the immeasurable sky above him, so from generalization to generalization he ascends, to find himself

at length alone with the Alone, embraced and overbowed with nothing but the infinite of God.

And as the search for God declares the greatness and nobility of those with whom it is a holy passion, and would if it were void of all result objective to the seeking mind, so must the many forms of faith in supernatural revelation, or at least the many efforts to establish such a faith, be recognized as arguing, not, as many teach of late, some miserable defect of manhood, but the greatness of man's heart. To have a certain knowledge of the highest things, to see Him as he is,—surely there is no belittling or dishonorable disposition here. At the worst, it only argues men's impatience with the slowness of the ordinary methods of their thought, or some dissatisfaction with their tentative results. They would know certainly and they would know at once "the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God." Be sure that never have the miracles, so called, approved the revelation to men's minds at the initial or any other stage of the development of a "revealed religion." What has approved it has been the larger thought of God contained in it, the higher and the holier thought of him. The miracles were nothing but the imaginative tribute of men's hearts to the greatness of some human personality—their stammering speech of gratitude and praise—or to the announcement of some grander vision of the eternal things. The infallible church or book, or Christ within the book, so understood, gain nothing on the side of their in-

fallibility; but they gain immensely on the side of their relation to the religious consciousness, expressing as they do its impatience with all partial and all "regulative truth," its intolerance of delusion or deception in the sphere of matters of such vital interest. Revelation there was indeed in the prophetic souls of the Old Testament order,—in Amos and Isaiah and the Great Unknown of the Captivity, whose thought was as near to that of Jesus as the best days in April are to leafy June; in that "Hymn Book of the Second Temple" which contained the rarest of the Psalms; in the Word made flesh in Jesus; and not less in Paul, though in his flesh he fancied there was no good thing.

But it is one thing to honor and to praise the impatience with half-truth or sad uncertainty which has found expression in the demand for a miraculous revelation, or to see in the affirmation of such a revelation the tribute of imagination to a glorious personality or a higher thought of God; and it is quite another thing to accept *the theory of supernatural revelation*, or to imagine that there is here a method of escape from the disabilities of natural reason.

"They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings,"

the natural Reason sings rebukingly to all who think they can climb up some other way than hers into the fold of Truth. Unless every one who claims that he has a vision or a sign is to be accepted equally with every other, Reason must arbitrate

upon the different claims. Whether or not the resurrection of Jesus, for example, is a supernatural proof of immortality, the fact of such a resurrection is dependent on a film of human testimony so tenuous that a brave man, or wise, would much rather trust to his own nature's prophecy than to such a thing as that. But the film by which the resurrection hangs is not more tenuous than that which sustains every fact on which depends the evidence of a supernatural revelation,—*maxima e minimis suspendens*.

But that there is no supernatural revelation and that, even if there were, our ultimate reliance would be upon our natural intelligence, are statements that suggest no fears, excite no terrors, for the man to whom our natural intelligence is equal to the soul's necessity for finding God. For such a one there is no lack of revelation. There is nothing but revelation. The universe is full of visions and of voices. The things we are obliged to say, which manage soon or late to say themselves while we stand by and wonder, are better worth the saying than are those we formulate with the greatest care. And so there has not been a time during the last quarter of a century and more, synchronizing with the development of various doctrines of religious nescience and the agnostic temper, when between the lines of their imposing expositions some have not read a message of religious affirmation, thrilling their hearts with generous and lofty cheer. And with each restatement of the doctrine of the Unknown

God, the affirmations, at first meagrely implied, come out in clearer lines, until at length they are the text, and the original nescience fades into a dimness that hardly blurs the fair and open page. Surely, we are far from the kingdom of agnosticism and not far from the kingdom of God, when we are told that "we are always in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed;" and we are well within its broad and fair demesne, when we are told that "there exists a power, to which no limit in time or space is conceivable, and that all the phenomena of the Universe, whether they be what we call material or what we call spiritual phenomena, are manifestations of this Infinite and Eternal Power."

Manifestation is but another word for revelation. "Though unknown, yet well known!" may we not cry, triumphantly as Paul, of such a power as this? Known as infinite, known as eternal, known as the source of everything that is, known by its manifested life as such a God as is made manifest! And how unknown? As we are to each other save as we are made manifest, save as we are revealed by our phenomenal life, by the living garments that we wear, the vesture that doth grossly (meaning grandly) hem us in. Unknown as the abysmal deeps of our own personality are unknown to us; ay, as the loveliest or rudest object on which we can lay our hands is unknown to us, both in its inmost essence and in its total range of implication. Threadbare is the bit of verse embodying this perception;

worn so in faithful service of a truth too long dishonored among men:—

“Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here in my hand, root and all,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and Man is.”

Never, it seems to me, has there been less occasion than there is to-day for men to take counsel with their fears, as if the operation of our later thinking were to make the revelation of God less vast and luminous than it has been as apprehended by the supernaturalist or by the semi-supernaturalism of the more daring of the Transcendental school. Never has the revelation of God assumed such grand proportions or so grave a charm, such an awful splendor or such penetrating sweetness, as at the present time. And it comes as one of old, not to destroy, but to fulfill. It takes up into itself the best of all that has been in the revelations of the past. Jesus is still Immanuel, God with us; he is still the Word made flesh. And the sorrow and the gladness with which men turned from him, when he grew hard and cold to their imaginative apprehension, to worship at his mother's gentle feet, finds here its justification.

If revelation is, indeed, everything that makes God known to men, and everything that is made known of him, the revelation of God is something of immense inclusiveness and boundless range.

The Old Testament and the New, the mighty personalities and the inspired—because inspiring—utterances that they report, are but a little fragment of the whole. Equally fragmentary, I am bound to think, is that department of our human knowledge which is resumed under the name of Science. Here, for some, is no revelation, but the denial of that traditionally received as such, and the confession that all revelation is impossible. Here, for others, is an actual revelation that is exclusive of all others. With neither of these widely different factions shall we find ourselves able to agree. Not with the first, most certainly. For if Science be not revelation, if she does not report a *real*, and not merely a *phenomenal* existence,—the relations of things existing independently of our sentient and psychic apprehensions and not merely the projection of these apprehensions on an inner void,—she is at once discrowned and stripped of all her royal habiliments; and the contrast of Ludovicus and Ludovicus Rex, in Thackeray's amusing picture, does not begin to indicate fully the disparity of her clothed and her unclothed condition. Surely, the men of science who have "loved truth and lavished life's best oil," not "amid the dust of books to find her," but in mountain heights and ocean deeps, and in a thousand and ten thousand places where her facts have challenged scrutiny, have not been inspired to scorn delights and live laborious days by any miserable egotistic notion that they were leading a mere moonshine

dance with their own shadows; that they were merely formulating the order of their own perceptions,—no, not perceptions, for there is nothing to perceive, but their own self-stirred activity of presentation. No! whatever foolishness of this sort men of science have allowed themselves when off upon some holiday excursion of the speculative kind, the inspiration of their working hours has been that they were able to discover the relations, part to part, of an objective world. What difference does it make, so long as all are “drugged with the same frenzy?” A world of difference. Yes, just exactly that; the difference of a world that is a reality and a revelation of the actual God, and a no-world which is the Brocken spectre shadow of ourselves, Ixion-like, embracing an illusive cloud.

But, if we may not accept this suicide of Science as a fair account of man’s relation to the universe, as little, as a fair account of this and of God’s revelation of himself, may we accept the doctrine which declares that science is the only revelation of eternal things. This were a thousand times better than the doctrine of a universe and God projected from the mind of man, but it has its own peculiar limitations. For, while it might be possible, availing one’s self of the kinship of science with the most ordinary knowledge, to push back so far the genesis of science that a certain scientific character might be predicated of the earliest religious notions of mankind, the fact would still remain conspicuous that religion had been a mighty

and imposing power upon the earth for centuries and millenniums before the endeavor to attain a quantitative certainty in the prevision of things future had produced an appreciable body of results to which the designation "Science" can be rightfully applied. Science had made but little progress in the world—Thales, its earliest Greek, had still two centuries and more to tarry in the pre-existent heavens—when Homer wrote of

“When in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine and the shepherd gladdens in his heart.”

And, long before he wrote of it, the spectacle was there to see, the mind confronting it to be filled with awe, and thrilled with mystery, and roused to questioning.

And, saying this, what do we say but that, long before the birth of Science, of which Religion was in fact the foster mother, there was the revelation of God as Power and Beauty and Beneficence in the material universe, and there was the apprehension of this revelation by the human soul. The former part of the nineteenth Psalm is confessedly one of the earliest Old Testament fragments. The writer of it had probably very little science, probably none worth mentioning; but he had much of worship, much of religion *as* worship, much sense of a divine revelation when he wrote: “The heav-

ens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day uttereth instruction unto day, and night showeth knowledge unto night. They have no speech nor language, and their voice is not heard; but their sound is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." That we must have Science to legitimate Religion, to make Revelation possible,—it is a brave man who does not hesitate to take up this position. For it is a position which, if it could be maintained, would discredit all religion antecedent to the genesis of science, all subsequent save in the measure of its scientific inspiration. If revelation and religion could be only for the scientific, they would not be universal; they would be only for the few, or they would be second-hand, as science now is second-hand for all except the few whose opinions are original or derived intelligently from those that are. But no: religion has not primarily or mainly come to man by deliberate scientific ratiocination, but by spontaneous experience. It is the whole of man responding to the whole of God. Human nature has not thought out, it has *experienced*, religion. Its cumulative and hereditary experience of the wonder and mystery of the external universe, the greater wonder and the vaster mystery of its own inward life, have made religion, the upward look of awe and adoration, the outward look of sympathy and fellow-service, the inward look of mingled self-abasement and self-reverence,

as natural to it as hunger, sleep, or normal respiration to man's physical life.

And so, to those who claim a scientific basis for religion, our answer is, "Other foundation can no man lay than is laid;" and the foundation of religion is laid in human nature, as such; in the great primal instincts of the soul. It has been deepening down and broadening out through all the centuries, but the agencies that have deepened it and broadened it have been scientific only in a very moderate degree. Before Science was fairly born, it had already become fixed immovably. And when Science went into disgrace and banishment for well-nigh a thousand years, as it did from the fall of the Western Empire to the later Renaissance, the original foundation of religion was still there; and up from it into the cold and cheerless air sprang many rare and beauteous structures of the mind and heart, many affections, aspirations, and fidelities which the scientific spirit dares not regard with absolute contempt. Not only so, but even in these latest times the amount of scientific apprehension does not by any means report the amount of revelation and of religious joy therein. There are men and women still to whom the meanest flower that blows, unanalyzed, unclassified, can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. There are men and women to whom, in general, the unscientific aspect of the world, the beauty of its days and nights, the wonder of its fresh and growing

things, the summer's bounty, the return of spring, the mountain's vastness, and the moaning sea are a more moving revelation of the highest God than all their telescopes and microscopes and chemic tubes afford to other men who,

“Seeing all things intermittently,
In disconnection dull and spiritless,
Break down all grandeur.”

But this is not to say that Science has not made important and immense additions to the revelation of God once possible for men. Once clearly understand that the basis of religion is not scientific, that science is not the only *organon* of revelation, that men cannot live by the bread of science only, but by every word of art and poetry and spontaneous apprehension that proceedeth from the mouth of God, and we can well afford to allow that the revelation of God has been mightily enlarged by the development of science, and in some particulars made vastly more impressive to the mind, more agitating and inspiring to the heart. A mere Bar-mecide feast of empty phrases was the old theological talk about the infinite in comparison with the scientific infinite of the times through which the stars have shaped themselves from the primordial fires, the spaces through which they sweep on their majestic curves, the masses whose attractions and repulsions make all nature's peace. But the infinitely little is to the eye of the imagination a more moving spectacle than the infinitely great. Consider, too, what glory and honor Science brings,

as never could our speculative theology, into the temple of our Unitarian faith. A resolution of apparent difference into essential unity is the outcome of all science. Every part of the plant turns out to be a modification of the leaf; the skull, a modified vertebra; our little earth to be made of the same stuff as the planets and the sun and farthest stars; our coal but so much buried sunlight, which ages since organized itself into ferny leaf and stalk; our species of animals and plants to be only some distinct varieties; our genera, only wider species; heat, life, magnetism, electricity, vital force, so many modes of motion; so that "our Unitarian literature," of which something has been said from time to time, includes, with much besides, the whole body of modern science. Then, too, in measuring our debt to science, its enlargement and its exaltation of our sense of infinite revelation, it must not be forgotten that even our most casual apprehension of the world is variously conditioned by our gradual appropriation of the results of science; that we see, not with our eyes only, but with our brains and with our minds,—our minds made over by the power of science, so that a certain "mind-stuff" mingles with all visible things, and makes them very different from what they were to men of former times,—a glory in the grass, a splendor in the flower, they draw from dead men's minds, not from their buried dust.

But the revelation of God apparent in the face of outward things and the laws of their develop-

ment and harmony is not sufficient for the mind and heart of man, even when to the fullness of his spontaneous apprehension he has added all that Science, too, has brought of marvel and surprise. This is a criticism that is often made upon the natural religion of the present time by those who find it hardly more satisfactory to their deepest needs than the natural theology of the Paleyologians of former generations. And it is well considered. Only it is a criticism that does not equally apply to every statement that has been, or that can be, made of natural revelation and religion. It applies where nature is conceived as co-extensive with the under-human world of inorganic and organic things,—if in the last analysis there is any inorganic thing or particle in all the universe of God. But nature is not always so conceived; and the criticism does not apply where human nature, equally with earth-nature and sky-nature and all under-human nature, is included in its scope. The word of the more thoughtful is that “all the phenomena of nature, whether they be what we call natural or what we call spiritual, are manifestations of an infinite and eternal power.” The under-human universe is not enough. That is a manifestation of immeasurable Power, of glorious Beauty, of majestic Unity, of unwearying Faithfulness, of all-embracing, all-enfolding Order, Harmony and Law.

But the revelation of God in these high ways is not sufficient for men’s hearts. They would have

him reveal himself as goodness; they would have him reveal himself as love. Here is the true *Cur Deus Homo* of the centuries: "Why God was made man;" why he was made Jesus; why, Jesus hardening to the awful judge of mediæval thought, men turned for comfort to his mother's breast and her embracing arms. It was long before the time of Robert Browning, but there was distinct anticipation of his stout assertion that

"A loving worm within its clod
Were diviner than a loveless God
Amid his worlds."

Even where men have ascribed to God particular sentiments and actions that were more devilish than divine,—as in the scheme of Calvin, for example,—they have insisted on his goodness and his love. There is nothing more pathetic in the biography of man than his insistence, "Though the Lord slay me, yet will I trust in him." Remembering under what bonds we place each other by our mutual trust, under what bonds is the Eternal placed by the high trust that millions, overborne and crushed in life's hard fray, have put in him, so that, if he were the fiend that men have sometimes painted him, using his giant power most tyrannously like a giant, it would seem that long ere this he must have been compelled to pure beneficence! Mindful of these phenomena, we may be sure that "Cosmic Theism" will never answer to men's cry for goodness and for love in God's self-revelation, unless it is made clear that the glory of the human not less than the

glory of the material universe is part and parcel of his glory. The divinity of man and the humanity of God,—we can as ill spare the second term of this equation as the first. And it is literally an equation. To affirm either is to affirm the other. But the humanity of God is what the human heart must needs most steadfastly affirm. Let the astronomers, the cosmologists, go on indefinitely expanding and glorifying our conception of the material universe, and the great majority of men will turn from this upon the one hand, and from the God whom it reports, to the loving man of Nazareth or to Mary, “mother mild,” with their passionate admiration, with their tumult of devout acclaim. And, doing so, they would do well and right. For “the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ” is a more excellent glory than any of the throbbing firmament of stars; the ideal of Motherhood makes every planet dim.

But it is not as if we were reduced to the alternatives of a revelation of cosmic power and splendor, harmony and beauty, and the revelation of goodness and love in the man Jesus or of tenderness in his mother’s face. There are no such alternatives; for there is no legitimate process of thought which gives to us the love of Jesus and the tenderness of Mary as a divine revelation which does not give to us equally all human love, all human tenderness. And so, in truth, our evidence of the humanity of God is infinitely greater than it would be if the supernatural revelation of that humanity in Jesus were an

established fact, which it is not by any means. There is no evidence for any special revelation of the humanity of God. But there is ample evidence of the natural and perpetual revelation of his humanity in all the men and women and in all the little children that ever have been, are now, or ever will be, here on this earth or any other that is circling on its way, freighted with human life. It is now several years since Stopford Brooke wrote a delightful sermon on the childhood of God, but I doubt if it contains a line which now he would prefer to blot. Why but because all phenomena, material and spiritual, are manifestations, revelations, of the Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed? Nothing is evolved which is not first involved. There must be a great fountain of humanity in God, or there would be no humanity in the world. There must be a great fountain of childlikeness in him, or there would be no childhood in the world. There must be a great fountain of motherhood in him, or there would be no human motherhood. But, as it is, our latest science justifies us, as never did the old theology, in lifting up our hearts to him with the ascription, "O thou who art our Father and our Mother!"

Some danger here, perhaps it may occur to you, of making the Eternal altogether such a one as ourselves. Not altogether, and not much. "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts." Here is no great non-natural man, and,

if "sweet human hands and lips and eyes," only as these make good our human helpfulness and love and joy. "He that made the eye, shall he not see?" is an argument which loses all its force with the cessation of our thought of God as an outside mechanical creator; with our acceptance of the thought that he is the infinite, immanent, organic life of everything that is. But that the phenomena of will, intelligence, personality, goodness, love, as manifestations of his infinite being, reveal him as not less than personal, volitional, intelligent, beneficent, and loving,—that two and two make four is not more sure than this. So much at least of personality, of will, of intelligence, of goodness, of love, there is in him as there is in all humanity, past, present, and to be. But, where there is so much of immanent actuality, the transcendent possibility must be infinitely more.

But what if it be said that, when the revelation of God is so greatly apprehended, when the universe is regarded as the manifest God, we do but come out at the same door where we went in, we do but formulate an identical proposition, a verbal equation? Something of this sort has been said repeatedly. We start with the universe, and our God is but its verbal counterpart. Well, this is true enough of the universe as such. The whole of God is immanent in the whole of that. But he is infinitely transcendent of the universe as known to us, not merely individually, but collectively. The aggregate of science is no small amount; but, if we could

take it all into our individual consciousness, we should still be obliged to say, "Lo, these are parts of his ways; but how little is yet known of him!" Yea, verily, how little in comparison with the boundless whole!

"Ay, come up hither! from this wave-washed mound
Unto the farthest flood-brim look with me,
Then reach on with thy thought till that be drowned.
Miles and miles distant though the last line be,
And, though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,
Still leagues beyond those leagues there is more sea."

But the simile is pale and meagre to report the infinite of God that reaches on and on,—an infinite of Power and Beauty, Wisdom and Law and Love,—beyond the farthest possible horizon of the hill-top view of human science. And the God of our imagination, of our worship, of our confidence and trust, is not the God of the manifested part alone, though that is practically infinite, but of the manifested and unmanifested whole; the last not as a vague and formless mystery, but as a mystery shot through and through with glory of the known. His glory is the glory of the known cubed upon by an infinite exponent. Well may our hearts leap up at such a thought, at such a vision, far more than theirs who heard the Corybantic mysteries; far more than theirs who have apprehended the revelation of God as so much splendid personality and helpful teaching as the covers of the Bible fold within their wide embrace!

But another shape arises, and another still. The

first is physical evil,—that tragic side of animal and human life which set on fire the page of Stuart Mill, which generally ran a cold, sometimes an icy, stream. The second is moral evil,—“the problem of sin,” in theological phrase,—man’s vast capacity for doing harm and wrong, and his exercise of this in manifold and monstrous ways. Now, if all we know of natural and human things is revelation, the rapacities and ferocities of animal life must be so equally with the strength of the strong mountains, the splendor of the mobile sea, and the beseeching loveliness of flowers. So equally revelation with the greatness of a Hampden or a Washington, the goodness of a Paul or Jesus, is the littleness of thousands who care for nothing but to eat and drink and propagate still baser than themselves, the wickedness of a Nero or a Borgia on an imperial or papal throne. How then? Do not the baseness and the wickedness neutralize the greatness and the goodness, so that our revelation is a revelation of infinite indifference?—

“Alike to him the better, the worse,—
The glowing angel, the outcast corpse!”

No, it does not, because it is the impulses of joy and happiness that build the animal world; and, if they were not dominant, that world would rush to ruin, as it seems not in the least inclined to do. No, it does not, because the trend of things is evermore from low to higher things, from good to better, and from better onward still. No, it does not, because, if God would pass from being to existence,

from the infinite absolute into finite manifestation, so help him God he could no otherwise than introduce the element of pain and tragedy into sentient life. The revelation of tragedy is no more nor less than the revelation of a God who frankly and unflinchingly preferred all possible animal and human pain to eternal self-containment, to the non-existence of animal or human world. The revelation of the word made flesh in an Alva or a Torquemada, in gluttons and debauchees and murderers, is the revelation of a God who could not make man glorious with all the possibilities of moral freedom and with the actions that such freedom brings without making it possible for him to choose the path of those whose feet take hold on hell. If men were all automata, then, if they did not go through their moral motions properly, we might well blame the infinite artificer, save as we should not have the sense of blame or praise in us at all. But, verily, for those who know whereof they speak, a sinner acting freely were better than an automatic saint, a freely acting Nero better than an automatic Christ. Moreover, in all the contradictions and collisions of the moral order, God evermore reveals himself as a power that makes for righteousness. Abraham Lincoln said to some ghostly counselor, who was anxious for him so to conduct himself that the Lord should be on his side, that to see to it that he was on the Lord's side was his principal concern. The revelation of God is a revelation that the Lord's side is ever that of Truth and

Righteousness. One half-regrets the softening of the new translation, the old expressed a truth of so much greater range: "Though I make my bed in hell, Thou art there." There, not to make it soft and comfortable and somnolent, but to make it, as it were, a bed of thorns that goad us more and more till we are weary with forbearing, and we cannot stay, but rise up and leave our bed in hell for any one who likes such comfort; we will have none of it.

So, then, the revelation of God, as it is being apprehended in its boundless range by modern thought, is a revelation corresponding to the two-fold character of Religion, as morality and piety, as ethics and worship. To speak of ethics *and* religion is a manifest absurdity, if we speak of religion as an ideal good. For what our wise and noble Gannett says is true: "Ethics thought out is religious thought; ethics felt out is religious feeling; ethics lived out is religious life." But to speak of ethics and worship is not disallowed, though ethics at its best is worship, and worship at its best is fellow-service consciously offered on the altar of the highest God. The pure and undefiled worship,* says the New Testament, is this: to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep unspotted from the world. But there is worship which is not ethical in its first intention which nevertheless is noble, sweet, and good. It is that swelling of the heart and tears which comes

*The Greek word means religious service or custom.

from contemplation of the vision of the world, the marvelous order, symmetry, and beauty of its myriad parts, their high consenting unity to form a whole of awful and inspiring grandeur, loveliness, and streaming grace.

To such a worship we are summoned by the revelation of God in nature, not only as it appeals to our least scientific and most spontaneous apprehension, but also as it is interpreted for us in scientific terms by a great company of scientific observers and explorers, from height to height of generalization rising to more exalted vision of the world. At the same time, the revelation of God in human nature and in human life, in the exigencies of our social situation, in the instantaneous reward of noble deeds in inward growth, in the penalties of hurt and shame that wait on evil deeds, in the alluring excellence of Jesus, not fixed in monstrous isolation, but as one of a great company of high and consecrated spirits, in the deepest motions of our own spiritual life, summons us with a persuasive and commanding and compelling voice to deeds of fellow-service and to the cleansing and ennobling of our inmost hearts. O friends, no idle rhapsody is this which I have read to you to-night! If you have heard aright, it has been a trumpet's not uncertain sound, arousing you to gladsome recognition of the glorious Revelation of the Living God in Nature and Humanity, and to faithful service of all enterprises and ideas that make for justice, truth, and love upon the earth, and for

whatever good awaits us in that country where "beyond these voices there is peace." And seeing that these things are so, changing the words a little here and there of the great poet's lyrical cry of passionate devotion to the memory of the friend whom he had lost, may we not say and sing to the great Friend whom we have found as he was never found before, revealed in nature and humanity?—

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear Thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun;
And in the setting Thou art fair.

What art Thou then? I cannot guess;
But though I seem in star and flower
To feel Thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love Thee less.

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Though mixed with *Man* and Nature Thou,
I seem to love Thee more and more.

Far off Thou art, but ever nigh;
I have Thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled by Thy voice;
I shall not lose Thee, though I die.

THE FAITH OF ETHICS.

BY W. C. GANNETT.

“Are there not seasons of Spring in the moral world, and is not the present age one of them?” asked Dr. Channing toward the end of his life,—and he died in 1842. Doubtless many persons living then would have rather said, “It is a season of the falling leaf, the old faiths are dropping from the tree, it is November in religion.” People say that to-day. I feel, instead, that Dr. Channing’s question is pertinent again: “Are there not seasons of *Spring* in the moral and religious world, and is not the present age one of them? There come seasons when thoughts swell like buds, old meanings press out and unfold like leaves; seasons when we either need new words for greatening thoughts, or else new meanings, new implications, new and larger contents frankly recognized in the old words. And I think the present age, which some men call November, is such an April in the world of faith; that old words are swelling with enlarged meaning, and that that is what’s the matter: in religion April’s here!

The truth is that our little Unitarian history in America has been one continuous April, with here and there a day of halt, and here and there some special day of freshening and forthputting. In 1810 and ’20, when that history began in Chan-

ning's time, the words that showed the April signs were "Bible," "Revelation," "Human Nature," "Salvation," "Heaven," and "Hell;" these all were swelling with new meaning then. In 1840, Emerson's and Theodore Parker's time, the swelling word was "Miracle." In 1870, "National Conference" time, it was "Lordship of Christ." In 1880, "Year Book" time, it was "Christianity." In the older Churches around ours it has been a slower Spring, but in all of them

"There is a sound, there is a token
That the marble sleep is broken,
And a change has passed on things."

At every crisis of the advancing change there has been a stir, a trouble, a pause,—Nature getting ready for violets, March a little strenuous that it is not yet time for violets, and that violets are safer anyway as roots in the ground than as blossoms out in the light,—and then, somehow, March is April, and April is May, and the violets are here! How beautiful within our lifetime the fields of religious thought have grown with them! From one specific Bible as the root, generic Scripture has sprung up,—and the world is glad. In place of Revelation as an event, Revelation as a process is discerned,—and the world is glad. In place of Human Nature of the worms wormy, Human Nature with seeds and sparkles of divinity in it,—and the world is glad. Instead of Miracle as a kind of heavenly *coup d'état*, rare and risky like earthly *coups d'état*, Miracle as another name for Nature's every result,

her least thing that,—and the world is glad. For Lordship of Christ, the recognition that great men are seen greatest bare of title. For the name “Christianity” used as a shibboleth of fellowship, the recognition that the *spirit* of Christianity is the only thing worth fellowship, and that that is a fellowship no man and no name can confer, and that no man at his best will try to deny; and the world is growing glad at that. In each case the larger meaning in the old word has made the word more beautiful.

I think this April process has now reached words more important than any I have named; that to-day “God,” “Religion,” “Ethics,” are the words swelling with new meanings, which will unfold them in the same way to something larger, more forceful, more beautiful,—and that the world will again be glad. The Faith of Ethics is my subject; and this phrase, “Faith of Ethics,” opened, will illustrate what I mean. I shall only word thoughts that are slowly taking shape in many of us. “Faith” is a word of religion; and this thing that we call “morals” or “ethics” is going to unfold itself as more vitally “religious,” by its deepest elements more vitally religious, than men have yet seen to be the fact. A great deal has recently been said among us that brings to mind the word of Emerson, “Men talk of *mere morality*, which is much as if one should say, ‘Poor God, with nobody to help him!’” But another word of Emerson, that prophecy he so oft repeated, is also coming true before our eyes: “The

progress of religion is steadily to its identity with morals." . . . "The next age will behold God in the ethical laws." It is this tendency of which many of us to-day are growing conscious in our thought. And this process, note you, is not November for the meaning of "religion,"—it is April for the meaning of "ethics." The term religion is not shrinking; it is the term ethics that is swelling.

How is it with you and me? Suppose your boy or your little brother, twelve years old, should ask you of a sudden, "What is the difference between morals and religion? Is there any?"—what would you say? I wonder if I cannot put your answer into words. You would say something about duties to man as contrasted with duties to God, and feelings towards man in contrast with feelings towards God. "Morality," you might say, refers to the good of fellow-men; "religion" deals with the central power behind all Nature and events. Justice and helpfulness are the great words of the first; reverence, worship, the great words of the second. There is a first and a second commandment, "like unto" each other, but one is religion,—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God;" the other is morals,—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The angels' song was a two-line song, "Glory to God in the highest,"—religion; "On earth, peace, good-will among men,"—morality.

But we must *let out* these definitions a little

more. What do we mean by morality? Honesty; truthfulness; justice; the give-and-take of bargains; the live-and-let-live of reciprocated rights; the every-day courtesies and generousities; the dues of tenderness and mercy to those dependent on us, the dues of charity to those a little more remote, the dues of neighborhood lessening as the circle widens;—this is “morals.” But reverence, aspiration, devotion to supreme ideals; self-sacrifice that prefers death to inward dishonor, and counts risk, pain, or the death cheap price for privilege of rendering mankind service; that high loyalty which makes a man stand one against a world, and feel that the standing there allies him with Strength that is eternal; the bowed awe of the soul before a naked duty, awe turning to delight and peace as the soul enwraps and becomes that duty done,—what do we call all this? All this belongs to the religious rather than the moral life, as men usually divide the words. On one side, the economic and prudential virtues; that which keeps the peace, and underlies the structure of society, and pioneers civilization, and gradually embodies itself in laws and constitutions, and promotes man to be the citizen, and refines the state into the commonwealth—this on the one side; it is morals. And on the other side, all the central facts of the soul’s life,—the sense of obligation to act according to seen ideals, the sense of sin for non-fulfilled ideals, the sense of aspiration for unfulfillable ideals; the flame of indignation against strong handed wrong

in others, and the flame of admiration and delight for the struggling right in others; so much of morals as has a stir and a thrill and a passion to it; all of it that looks out on a rimless good, all that prompts the heroic rather than the orderly, prompts enthusiasms rather than seen utilities; and all that working of the spiritual elements in us which gives cheer in trial, quiet in sorrow; patience in strain, trust during long triumphs of the wrong,—all this is on the other side: it is “religion.”

Have I not spoken your thought, or something like your thought, for you?

Now I do not know that I can prove anything against such separation of the two words. Perhaps I can only show that to my seeing there is no separation, that it all joins on. You noticed my trouble,—that I had to describe several of those so-called “religious” experiences in terms of “morality;” and you may have felt of some of them that they belonged rather in the other, in the moral list. So they do; but there, under religion, too; and I believe I am but following copy in classing them as I did among the things religious. Where then does the boundary line fall? Where does “morality” end, and “religion” begin? All that description of religion seems to be simply a description of the wider and the inner reaches of morality. Of the wider and the inner reaches of morality: the “moral” sentiment *extended* and *in-*

tended, *becomes* "religious" sentiment. Is it not all a question of horizons?

To judge if it be not, will you look, first, at the mystic element in every simplest *Ought*; and, then, at the mystic element in our deeper, more complex, spiritual experiences? And lastly, in the light of what we see by these two looks, let us face the thought of God.

The *Ought*. In the mystic element in every simplest perception of the *Ought* I feel a "faith," the Faith of Ethics. I am not wise to know, perhaps none is, the source and nature of this familiar obligation. It may be the instant's intuition seen by some spirit-eyes in us, a voice heard by some spirit-ear; or it may be a slow-gathering instinct of the race handed down the generations; or it may be some swift sub-conscious calculation of utility; or it may be all of these. That the theories contradict each other, I do not see; rather they seem to almost necessarily involve each other. But whatever be its origin, here it is in us, a mystic obligation, a thing that haunts us with hints and vanishes of power supreme and absolute. It commands! and what is more, its command enters into every conscious deed. There is not a deed unhaunted by this omnipresent imp—a little *Ought*. I am debating, alone with myself, whether I will go into some new business or remain in some old business which affects the community thus and so; the *Ought* is there with me,—it is the other debater.

My neighbor and I are bargaining, we two together, no one else; the Ought is superintending both sides of that bargain. A hundred men are concerned in a deed; the Ought is in them all, determining the precise relation of each one to that deed. It is no more an Ought because, instead of two, a hundred are involved. But again, instead of the hundred men, a state is concerned in the deed, a nation in the action,—it is the question of slavery perhaps, or of the Indians, or of the Chinese in America; or not one state, but two continents are in danger,—it is some question of war: the Ought is still supreme and *there!* The horizon is spreading, but the Ought is no more strong, no more mystic, than when it simply said to one man in one deed, “Thou shalt,” or “Thou shalt not.” And let that horizon spread to other worlds, to other lives, to other orders of being, we cannot conceive the Ought deciding on essentially unlike principles in farthest spaces or in farthest times. The relations known as Justice, Truth, Love—we are haunted with conviction of it—are always, everywhere, Justice, Truth, Love.—Surely this is *faith*: it is the “Faith of Ethics.” Yet all that greatness joins right on, haloes right around, the littlest Ought in the littlest deed. Only an infinite Ought can explain that littlest Ought. Or rather, the infinite Ought does not a whit explain, and, if it did, would itself just as much await the explanation; it expands, but it does not explain. The little Ought *is* the infinite Ought *there* and *then*.

There is no little and big in Ought, any more than there is little and big in gravitation. Here in the drop of the pebble is the absolute gravitation, the whole law of it acting; here in the smallest duty of the moment is the absolute Ought, the whole law of *it* acting. Faraday said, "A grain of water is known to have electric relations equivalent to a very powerful flash of lightning;" so the smallest deed has moral relations equivalent to an instant of a Judgment Day!

Now tell me, if you can: this faith in an infinite element entering into the smallest duty, this faith that a law of Right which presides at the birth of the worlds is holding and playing and presiding between the mixed motives in a little child's breast,—this thought, this fact as it surely seems to us,—tell me, if you can, which is it, a faith of "morality," or a faith of "religion?" If any faith can be "religious" faith, this belongs to that order. And yet I have simply spoken of the very smallest duty. It is a question of horizons, I said. Take your start from that bargain between the two men,— "mere morality," if any thing can be so called: start from that bargain and think outwards, outwards, that the equations of justice between the traders apply between the nations and the races,— and we begin to feel the thrill we call "religious!" The horizons have opened! Or take your start from the bargain and think inwards, inwards, of the fact that a universal law is actually, tangibly pressing in the silences within each trader's self,

exacting justice of him there, so that their five-cent chaffer at the street-corner has something infinite about it through its quality of honesty or dishonesty! Start from the crimson on the little child's face as he tells his first untruth, or first consciously bruises his mother's love, and think inwards to what that crimson banners out, this namely, that the justice of the universe is marshalling its hosts within that baby's conscience;—and again we feel the thrill we call “religious.” The horizons have opened!

Take a smaller thing than a baby's blush. Start from so seeming-slight a thing as a mere tone in a word; that cold tone in which you consciously answered your wife or child this morning. It hurt them; but what makes it hurt *you* now, as you walk down town? What makes it haunt you with its echoes so really that perhaps you will hear that tone years hence, with pain so bitter you would give a year off life could you but unpronounce it? A mere tone in a word! Such memories have been. Start from this, and think, think inwards, about the sources of that pain,—and we find ourselves in worlds where time changes to eternity, and relative to absolute! The horizons have opened!

In other words, if we insist on dividing between morality and religion, truly it seems as if the division must proceed on some very outward surface of the things concerned. Morality has to do with the relations between men, we say: but the moment we begin to think into the smallest of these social

relations, we find the moral element in it circling out and out, and in and in, until "religion" becomes the only natural word with which to speak our recognition of it. But that infinite horizon was of course *there* all the time,—only we were thoughtless of it. The religion is in the morality all the time,—only we are thoughtless of it. Does it not, then, come to this, which is the one refrain I wish you would carry home with you to think over and see if it be not true,—"*Ethics,*" *thought out, is "religious" thought; Ethics, felt out, is religious feeling; Ethics, lived out, is religious life?*

Now take that second and deeper inlook that I asked for. If something like a rimless world begins to loom upon us when looking at any littlest action with its littlest Ought, still more we feel the opening of moral horizons, the religious sweep of ethics, when we look at the more complex experiences of the soul. The "Faith of Ethics,"—the phrase begins to glow as if a sun passed inside of it, when we think of that ethical drama for which every soul furnishes theatre and stock company,—the drama we call *Sin*. Sin with its first act, disloyalty to Ought; sin with its second act, pain,—the soul's only real pain, the ache of shame; sin with its third act, repentance; in its fourth act, return, reunion, peace. It is the drama Jesus told out in his story of the good father and the prodigal boy and his welcome back to the home. Is that a "moral" or a "religious" story,—the story

of the prodigal son? And at the Pacific Garden Mission in West Chicago, is it a moral or a religious drama that is being acted out in the breasts of twenty men and women, rough men, rough women, every Sunday night? They call it "religious," there. So it is. How Jesus would have stared at our question,—*"Moral or religious?"* But, after staring, I think he would have given an answer that would make us feel that "moral"—and it as surely is a moral drama—that "moral" is about the most "religious" word that ever slipped between two holy lips.

Or, instead of Sin, to see what the expression "Faith of Ethics" hints, think, think *out*, what all those processes of spiritual chemistry imply which we call discipline,—discipline by difficulty, by disappointment, by suffering, by sorrow; that spiritual chemistry of which Jesus' Beatitudes are but a few of the formulas. Spiritual chemistry as constant in its action, as sure in its laws, as universal in each life, as the circulation of the blood and the chemistry of physical digestion are sure and constant within the human body. Difficulty which nerves our will, disappointment which teaches patience, suffering which gives us sympathies, sorrow which transmutes itself to trusts such as we never had before; and all these hard experiences of strain and pain and loss and death working together in us to awake a sense of deathlessness, and a sense of trust in an eternal righteousness! Think of it, friends,—these are the spiritual realities happening

all the time, never not happening, in every soul in your city, in every soul on this tiny earth of ours, in every soul through the wide heavens. Spiritual, I say. Realities, I say. Flesh and bone, rocks and trees, not more real, not so deeply real.—Well, is it “moral” or “religious,” all this that happens? Moral, surely, as all the words used show; yet, as we think of them in this solemn, searching way, the rims of all the words expand, the thrill begins, the over-awing drops on us, and we are in the realm the word-dividers call “religious.” Indeed we are! It all joins on.

Shall I speak of that still more mystical experience, rarer to full consciousness, but none the less forever going on, I cannot doubt, in our sub-consciousness, or super-consciousness,—the experience which we call Worship, Prayer, Communion with the Highest, and which, whatever we call it, is a sense as if we joined ourselves to that which is all-strong, all-enduring, all-righteous? Here at least, one says, you touch “religion.” Yes, but not one whit more really than we touched it in our experience of sin or of that pain-wrought sweetness. Not more really, though now more consciously. That is to say, this experience of sharing in All-mighty Power and Right is “moral” experience too, is intensely moral; and because so intensely moral, the horizons are already circling wide before us, and we say, below our breath, “This is religion!”

Ah, if we but deeply felt the realities of our spirit’s *common* life when we are not “at prayer,”

we should know they all were to be called religion, because these realities all presuppose, involve, the same eternal forces. Thanks to science, we realize to-day that our body is really taken hold of by the sun, that gravitation grasps us, that the world magnets draw us, that the climates enter into us. As really, the forces we call moral, spiritual, enclose us, pervade us, bind us, fill us, shape us. It is world-force that binds us to justice in our bargain. It is world-force, the peace that passes understanding. It is world-force, the shame that crimson us; world-force, that links wrong to doom and right to joy in men and nations; world-force, that draws us up in prayer up-reachings; world-force, that sends the Ought-current through our every act, that thrills us with sympathies, that glows in us when we think an heroic thought; world-force, that nails us, willing, to a cross! The reality of this who more than begins to feel? Yet that mere beginning becomes evidence to consciousness of bonds between each spirit and all spirits, and of union of all spirits in Spirit Absolute. What word for this mighty faith? It is but "morals." Try again: it is "religion!" Try again: it is conviction that the two are very one.

Yes, one. It is the "religious" faith; for religion is man's sense of universal relations, however the universe, or man's relation to it, be conceived. Whatever thought or feeling in us reaches out and claims a universal scope, thereby becomes "religious." Hence Science, dealing with the True, is

religious in its outcome, cannot be otherwise; for it affirms the cosmic order, universal laws, the One in all. Hence Æsthetics, dealing with the Beautiful, is religious in its outcome,—can not be otherwise; for Beauty is the sense of cosmic order concentrated in individual objects and radiating thence again. And, in the same way, Ethics, that which deals with the Right and Good, is religious in its outcome, cannot be otherwise; for it once more affirms the cosmic order, affirms relations absolute and everywhere the same.

So I repeat my refrain: “Ethics”, thought *out*, is “religious” thought; Ethics, felt *out*, is religious feeling; Ethics, lived *out*, is religious life.

There—it is only a hint, but something like this that I have hinted is the “Faith of Ethics”. Have I made the great thought at all plain? If so, I know you feel its majesty; and will begin to feel with me that all that talk that divides morality from religion by saying of religion, “It is something *more* than morality,” instead of saying “It is something *more in* morality than is usually seen,”—and all that other talk which mistakes mere doctrine for religion, and, casting out the doctrine, says, “Give us only morals,”—that all such talk, in either kind, is close akin to that worse talk which speaks of “mere morality” and “rags of righteousness;” and that the common thought of morals as that which deals with simply *surface* relations of society and outward conduct, and which has no root in absolute,

eternal life-principles, is really-thoughtlessness. It is the irreligiousness, it is the unmorality, in us which speaks so. The trouble with this greater thought, that the Faith of Ethics is the very heart and essence of religion, is that it is *too great* for us to realize. Friends, we are afraid of believing so much! As we turn away from it, the words, "O ye of little faith!" sound after us. It makes the awful Powers too near! It makes the common-places of our life so infinite! Which is what the common-places are, when realized,—the infinites of life.

But what of the thought of God under this conception of the Faith of Ethics?

Some good men, you know, stifle religion with Christianity, or stifle their Christianity with the *ism* of their sect: and when one insists on "something more than morality," namely, belief in God, as *essential* to religion, I confess I feel a little stifled by such theism,—such theisticism. Say that this morality, so realized in its awful nature and its awful sweep, *is* the theism in a man—a theism at first almost unconscious, and then more conscious, and ever more and more conscious as he grows to realize its meaning,—say this, and I begin to feel kindled, inspired, by that word God! "What! already touching *God* in this small deed of mine, in this mere tone in a word of mine?" Yes!—*That* astonishes, that is sunrise! I see then that "God" is not niched anywhere, nor massed anywhere, nor throned anywhere, but is heavened everywhere because

heavened in the Ought; and of course "the kingdom of heaven is at hand,"—where else? But even if I lose all so-called "God" by the inability, I am not able to think a God—for whom to care—for whom to care, I say—separate from, beyond, outside of this I have been speaking of. Every inch of this morality has been religion. Every inch of it has involved, incorporated, that Power with which the others, who talk of "mere morality," top their moral structure and bound their moral horizon. You and I have looked together at morality entering as infinite and absolute element in every act we do, in every experience of the soul. Each and every time, wherever we have gazed, the horizons have opened wider, wider. To such conception there is no rim, no top, no bound, and no beyond. I gain no explanation of morality, then, by saying "God." I am but saying more intensely, "Infinite Morality." I gain no sanction for it. I gain no source or root or end to it. In the great reforms they used to quote the Bible: but did the Bible-text make slavery wrong, or did the wrong of slavery make the Bible-text? Did Jesus confer sanction on the "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" and "Thou shalt bless thy enemy,"—or did the perception of these *shalts* sanction, aye, create the very Jesus? Even so with the thought of God: the right creates and sanctions, not indeed that thought entire, but all of it that we most value, all that makes us worship; that thought does not create and sanction Right. By saying "God" we

background moral law on Nature, we say that the Law is real, is alive, *acts*. Nature conceived as moral through and through, from play of atoms to heart's love and a Christ upon a cross, is the God we worship. Duty does not point, then, to Deity as to something outside of itself: that Ought within is the very voice, face, force of Deity present, Deity urgent, Deity declaring in us ever,—“I am the way, the truth, the life!” *Enstructured* is the word: that Living Law is enstructured in the very nature of man,—and the nature of man is the nature of things. The nature of man is the nature of things! The universe is one. That in you which thinks, that in you which loves, that in you which makes the hard duty easy, that in a man which makes it luxury to die that the Right may live inviolate,—*that* is the moral nature of things enstructured in *you*! To see this is to make the great recognition of “God.” To help others to see it is to make the great interpretation of “God.”

Conceived in this way, the Faith of Ethics makes “God” the intensely real. It mixes his very life with yours and mine. It makes him the Inevitable, as simply inevitable as the Ought. It leaves no instant of our life free from him. If not with us as Ought, then with us as Ought-Not. If not with us as light upon our path, then with us as trust in the dark path. If not with us as joy and the sense of power, then with us as doom and the sense of distance, disaster, break-down. Yes, blackening sinner and white saint alike bear witness to the

Moral Law, self-enacting, sovereign, in man. And what is History but human life writ large? In dooms and exaltations of the nations, and in the human tendency toward happier and richer life as the centuries grow kind and Christ's Beatitudes become organic instincts of the race, History echoes and re-echoes verdicts of the Moral Law. Ever with us, in us, of us,—the Majesty of Living Right, the God!

And is this Moral Law, this Living Right in things, a law of *Love*? Answer, Heart within! If in *thee* the Moral Law eventuates and flowers in Love, if always in thyself the solemn Right strains toward self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness, then everywhere and everywhen the Right tends Love-wards.—*Why* everywhere? Because the universe is *One*. Because “the Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness” is all as truly Power that *is* our very self; and, by self's attestation, in making for the “righteousness” it makes for Love. Law that is not everywhere in Nature is nowhere. The statutes of the nations have their bounds; statutes of the universe have none. The Moral Law is not one law within the chemistries of human souls and a different law within the chemistries of flowers and stars, one law in children's laughter and another law in tragedies and deaths. The *strain* must ever be the same. In one place, self, we know what that strain is: then it is *ever* toward Beatitudes of Friendliness.

And still one question yearns: "Can this Befriending Power bear a tenderer name? Can we without unreason call it 'Father,' and lean on it as One who cares? Is it 'Love,' not merely in result, but in its very source?"

No answer to such question, if not in these same deeps within ourselves. And as we listen in ourselves for answer, the word "Love" opens in transfigured meanings, till it almost seems belittlement to use our dearest and intensest word to phrase the consciousness that one must speak of. If I read our trust-experience aright, it is a sense of resting child-wise on Parental Care; and yet it is still more the sense of being part of a mighty stream of Love; by it borne on to ends its own,—ours, too, so far as our ends are its own. It is a sense of care *for* me, yet rather of care *with* me,—with me, down to the last details of all I do or bear. I think I feel it most as care *for* me, when I am weak in faith, or weak in will, to clasp some Right which yet I see; for then I am separate enough from that which makes for Right to feel it as Power apart from self,—Power within me, that is seeking, thwarting, leading me. This is the lower feeling. When I am strong in faith and will to clasp the Right and make it mine, the separateness lessens, till the sense even of dependence seems lost in sense of loyalty, and I am one with the Strength I lean on and obey. This is the higher feeling. Rare the hours, perhaps, when we ascend to it. But this mystic sense—at once dependence, loyalty,

unity—the right life daily deepens for us, if we will. Law, Love, Life, these three; and it is the righteous Life which unifies the other two in consciousness. God-being, within our tiny limits, is the imperious and blessed law of God-finding. No peace or strength or inspiration like the feeling that I mean.—But let this feeling once be felt, and then the question, “Is the Power, working thus within us, ‘Love,’ or is it a ‘Lover?’” seems past the asking. It is Love we know, the Love we realize, the Love we care about; yet as our minds can *think* Love only as a radiance of Lovers, the Power shapes itself before thought as “the Father.” Thus to the conceiving mind; but in the experience itself, when this Lover grows most real he vanishes again into the Love. *He* vanishes? or is it *we* who vanish? We only know the Great Heart throbbing *thorough* us, its Life translating itself to “personality” in ours. Tell who can whether it be His or ours!

But as to *name*, let none who feel that its inadequacy stabs truth say “Love,” or “God,” or “Father.” Let such keep silence; and let their silence be revered as reverence by those who find the very poverty of words less poor than silence to voice *their* sense of the Mystery and Blessedness. As reverently let those who choose the silence bear with those who break it. Most certainly the One that moves within the crystallizing atoms as well as in the rhythms of History, within the shining suns as well as in the

Light that lighteth every man,—most certainly this Omnipresent, Moral Energy is *not* a mighty Patriarch, is *not* the very tenderest Mother. But if not these, it is because our best name cometh short. Those names are only poems, emblems, symbols,—“idols” to help the mind: even as the Incarnation doctrine and Madonna Mary are idols still more definite in outline, and by that sharper definition more helpful still to myriads of minds trying to realize Eternal Goodness. “Idol”—let the word be spoken fearlessly; these names are all but “idols” of the mind. But know what “idol” means,—*an image making thought more visible to consciousness*. Man scarcely thinks except in images, in idols: at every word we speak an image drops.

Be braver, all! Be fairer, too! Say “Father,” “Christ,” “Madonna;” yet, saying these, beware! We easily may make them idols in the hurtful sense, mistaking form for substance. Or refuse to say “Our Father,” if truth to you forbid it; but beware as much in that refusal! For to fear idols for oneself, or to rave at them in others, is still to fear and rave at—idols. Mistake not *thou* the form for substance. To put both warnings into one, beware of thinking it either the essence of religion, or the essence of superstition, to say “God” and “Father.” To suppose it either is to judge by names, and *that* is the superstition, *that* the sacrilege.

But since it is nothing but morality in us that makes the God so real, so live, so near to us, we ought to deeply thank these “Ethical Culture So-

cieties," now springing up among us, for their single emphasis. They seem sect-like in their insisted-on use and disuse of certain names; they seem dogmatic,—like many of ourselves. They are Puritans whitewashing the cathedrals in the interest of truth; Puritans denying poetry, because poetry is imagery and imagery so often means idolatry. We need not follow them into any narrowness, from which they may themselves escape in time. Man has a birthright to poetry and symbolism, and they will not be denied out of him. They are his chief access to the higher realities, almost his only access to the highest, and are the natural expression of his thought concerning these realities. But our "Ethical Culture" men have the very heart of "religion" in them, names or no names: and what cares that Real Presence which it be,—with name or without? They will deepen spiritual perception in us, who greatly need to have it deepened. They are prophets of the true God,—the God whose name they are forbidding men.

Named or unnamed, to recognize and realize that One, to be that One within our atom-range, is life, —life kin to its own Eternal Life. To be simple before the thought of it; to be silent, if silence be the true simplicity for us; but if our feeling move us so, to utter praise and thanksgiving and trust in awed and childlike words; to take joy with a thrill of gratitude to it; to do our work and spend ourselves for men with an unfaltering sense that, in the service of the right, the atoms and the great

Whole blend strength; in tragedies, to wrap ourselves about with trust in goodness at the heart of all that hurts; in sorrow, to be quiet from conviction that "no good thing is failure and no evil thing success," and that "no evil can befall a good man, whether he be alive or dead,"—this is to "live in God."

We all shall see it yet! Men will see it and rejoice in it,—this larger, nearer thought of God! Something akin to what has happened to that thought as relative to "Miracles" and to "Creation" will result again. Now, we say, not miracle but law; not creation, but evolution. And God at first seemed distanced, de-personalized, and lost thereby: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Then, as our eyes got new focus for the thought, we began to see the Presence nearer, greater than we ever saw before, its Face closer to our face and more awful in beneficence, its Hands more tremendous in their hold! Far larger has the thought of God become, far deeper is the faith in him becoming, by the new conceptions of physical law that we owe to science. Even so, and more than so, will it be with that thought, and faith, as we grow to see him in the *ethical* law and to identify morals with religion: He will become the Living God to us as never yet.

No God except the perfect of morality is worth the worship. Drain off from infinite Power infinite Right, and you have left a dummy God, and none

so poor to do him reverence: no *man*, at least, because man has in himself the moral element which then that God would lack. Alas for the idea of God, then, that is in any peril through extension of the Faith of Ethics! That God is a dying God,— Saturn ebbing before the new Jupiter, Jupiter ebbing before the new Christ. In truth, all nick-named gods—all gods to whom men deem their name essential—have funerals as time runs on. But never “*alas!*” for the God of whom I speak. Of him, “*The Lord God Omnipotent Reigneth!*” and “*Thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory for Ever and Ever!*” *By* extensions, by all possible extensions of the Faith of Ethics, the God whom all names mean and no names utter shall grow and greatnessen on man’s vision. And as with all the other greatnessened meanings in religion, the world will by and by be very glad.

So let me end with my refrain, worth chanting in the memory until, like great music, its meaning dawn upon us: “*Ethics,*” thought *out*, is “*religious*” thought; Ethics, felt *out*, is religious feeling; Ethics, lived *out*, is the religious life. Let the horizons open!



RELIGION FROM THE NEAR END.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

“Lord, it is good for us to be here.”

MATTHEW xvii., 4.

I.

Take any definition of religion you please, only so it be large enough. Be sure you put into it the divinest fullness possible to the experience of man. I prefer to interpret religion at its *maximum* rather than its *minimum*. Let it mean the greatest thought of God, the tenderest trust in Providence, the closest communion with Jesus, the most loving appreciation of the Bible, an assuring hope of the eternal life, and the loftiest habit of worship that the human soul can know. No other definition answers my purpose.

Then, I say religion thus defined is best realized from the near end. Indeed, it can be realized in its fullness only by him who seeks it from this end of the line; who discovers sanctities in near things. Right here or nowhere is the gate of heaven for us to-day. The best of mediatorial religion is a second hand affair. It is a hearsay, a reminiscence. He who finds more sacredness in distant than in near things; for whom glory settles chiefly on remote shores; for whom morality is best enforced by texts and events springing out of the experiences of others, may in some sense be said to have “got religion,”

but religion has not got him. Religion is still to him a possession, and not being. He may have studied a paper diagram of the New Jerusalem, but he has not yet entered within its gates. He may profess the "Christian" name, but he has not yet known the religion of Jesus. Jesus' religion, if it was anything, was *immediatorial*. His gospel was rooted in common things. His Bible was the pages of nature and the experience of peasant hearts. His speech was redolent with the fragrance of the roadside, and his principles were enforced by the experiences of the fishing boat and the seashore. Sparrows, lilies, weeds, a mustard plant and a woman's dough-bowl disclosed to him the secrets of the divine life. It was with such alphabet of earth that he spelled out the lessons of heaven.

Let us see what can be done by beginning at this end of the line. You may, if you like, drop all disputed words, confess your doubts and plead your ignorance; omit the pretentious phrases, throw away your sham beliefs, and even your "would-believes." Stop aping the piety you do not feel, and invoice among your spiritual possessions only those things that are really yours as commodities of soul. When your vocabulary is reduced to the limits of your present possessions and the sincere experiences of to-day, what have you out of which to frame both religious thought and feeling? Present experience, its joy and beauty, the nearest and humblest duty, the simplest act of devotion that finds expression in the kiss you give to a babe, or in

the delicate awe you feel in the presence of the first flowers of spring. Just these and nothing more. Count them, if you must, upon the fingers of one hand, but make the most of them. Follow any one of them out in thought, in feeling and in life, and the essentials of religion are yours. Any one of them will lead to the Mount of Transfiguration, where, with Peter, you exclaim, "Lord, it is good to be here!"

Take the simplest, coldest bit of science, work it out from the near end, and you cannot leave it without feeling that you are in league with Eternity and that you are touching directly the Infinite God. Sometimes your human certainties are reduced very low, and you say, "I only know that two and two make four." Very well, if you are sure of that, let that be for the time your only confession of faith. Not much of a creed, is it? Still, if you hold to it and live up to it, it is creed enough to make a saint of you. "Two and two make four," always, everywhere. They made four when Zoroaster taught the law of right a thousand years before Jesus. They made four when the earliest shepherds began to count the stars. They make four to the Esquimau in his snow hut, to the Australian as he basks in his nakedness under tropic palms. "Two and two make four." This is the beginning of that arithmetic that eventually foretells the eclipse, anticipates the movements of planets and weighs the earth in its balances. Start from this end, and go

only as far as your science and your logic allow, and your "two and two make four" will roll up into the millions of measured miles, through the thousands of counted worlds that form the vestibule to the unmeasured star-studded depths of immensity. It is indeed the near end of infinitude. "Two and two make four" is a truth that touches that mystic law that star-rays the snow-flake; that polishes to exactitude the facets of the angled spar; that moves the procession of life in pairs; that arranges in perfect symmetry the petals of the prairie flowers, places the million needles of the pine tree according to the law of the spiral, and shows us, as Emerson says, that "Nature loves the number five." This fragment of the multiplication table is the beginning of that integrity that makes commerce possible, trade legitimate and thrift commendable. To believe it is to believe that some things are settled in this world, and that, too, by a power other than man's. It is to believe that we are law-engirdled; that we live in an ordered universe; that purpose and method lie at the root of things and spring out of the heart of being. This is to believe in God, whose fundamental attributes are integrity, inflexibility, universality. If we do not prove infidel to this inspiration, we shall find ourselves eventually on our knees before the altar it rears. It is the altar Beautiful as well as the altar Useful.

Take another fragment of science. Turn away, if you must, from religion and its associate words,

but make the most of a drop of water. Note the mystic wedlock of the particles of oxygen and hydrogen. Trace the journey of that drop of water from the unseen gases through lake, vapor, cloud, rain, up again in the green leaf, pushing into the bud of spring, bursting somehow into the imponderable and once more unseen fragrance of the arbutus, and you have once more climbed the Mount of Transfiguration. Follow the drop of water this way and it climbs to the star, that way and it touches the nebulous fire-mists out of which worlds were rolled; follow its backward track and it will lead you to a Genesis millions of years earlier than the earliest Adam; follow the track forward and it conducts you to a wild world tamed into a garden, to a wilderness transformed into a harvest field. It gives rose gardens where briars once grew, and makes the desert bloom with lilies. Inevitably religion is the outcome of science, if it is sought thus from the near end of our lives.

But there are those who will say, "I've no head and still less heart for science; 'two and two make four' and nothing more. To me nature is cold and dead. I find no Infinite Spirit in your protoplasm, no shaping Providence in your chaos of atoms. The thought of evolving worlds, developing planets, and aspiring organisms do not feed my heart. Evolution to me is soulless and Godless." Do not be discouraged. All roads lead to Thee, thou Infinite and All Sufficient! Try beauty.

“If you get simple beauty and naught else
You get about the best thing God invents,”

says the old monk in the poem. In getting this beauty what do you get? Whence came the delicate tint of the flower? Who moulded its graceful cup and fringed its golden lips? Compound who can its yellow and green; put all this on the most Godless basis you can, try and blur the marvel by the words “matter,” “materialism,” “law,” “evolution,” anything but chance. These words do not lessen one whit the loveliness nor reduce the marvel. All the same have the teeming ages groaned in the production of this beauty. Nature and human nature are compounded in your lily. In it are found the gardener’s patience, woman’s devotion, the child’s appreciation. Sever who can this tendency of nature to ornamentation from the thirst of the human soul for perfection. Will you see beauty here and none in the pursing lips of babyhood? Grace in the flower, and none in the hand that trained it? Fragrance in the blossom that sets us at peace with nature, and no helpfulness in the hand that gathered it for us, setting us at peace with human nature?

If in the flowers we discover a subtle power, which in our timidity we may hesitate to name, shall we not be impelled to strive to create a bit of beauty somewhere on our own account, moved either to copy or excel it? If you are so made that you “love things first when you see them painted,” and are thus led by the Art road to a passion for

the beautiful; does not that road lead to piety? Take the familiar story of Palissy's passion for the enamel to beautify a coffee cup; that insatiable hunger for the compound that in fervid heat would yield the polish; that wild intoxication that tore down the rafters of his house that the fire in the kilns might not go out. Looking back of that frenzy we find concentrated what strugglings of human life that have gone before! The power that refined the barbarities of war, the navigator's courage, the conqueror's triumph, the temple at Jerusalem, the Parthenon at Athens, the Forum at Rome, psalm, prophet's word, poet's song, all were related to that fiery soul that was mad for beauty. Looking forward, the passion that burned in the heart of the Huguenot potter was one of the many seeds that ripened into the art, the refinement, and culture of to-day. Palissy did not originate himself. No beauty began with him, none ended in him. Each is related to all. The centuries gone move in every human feeling. The generations past have contributed to every thought. Yes, the unity of history, the solidarity of the race, the kinship of religions and the chorus of the prophet souls of earth, are found in any human heart that is fired with any love for the beautiful. Not symbolized there, but there in fact. Given a soul sensitive to color and form, susceptible to harmony and symmetry, and there is that in a noble building, a pine tree, or in the melody of a chorus, that will bring to him religious refinement, strength, and

sanctity. We remember the story of the atheist artist who, as he looked up into the waving branches of a magnificent tree, found himself whispering reverently for the first time "God." When

"Beauty through my senses stole,
I yielded myself to the perfect whole."

But the gates of Beauty as well as the gates previously mentioned may be closed to some. Not finding religion on these lines, such would be instructed of Reason. They ask of Philosophy, "Where is God?" On this road certainly religion is found in fullest measure by those who seek it from the near end. The older philosophies tried to formulate the universe, to catalogue the attributes of God. The result has always been confusion, distrust, dogmatism, and defeat, because the universe is too big for the mind of man. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" The fallible mind cannot compass the boundless. The immortality men can prove is not the eternal life, because man's finiteness cannot hold the Infinite. The lesser cannot contain the greater. After the long and painful quest there is coming a philosophy that recognizes the limitations of the mind; that ceases from the attempt to solve the Infinite or to compass the Almighty, and, instead is trying to classify the few experiences of the finite, to study God from the man-ward side. From the known it travels toward the unknown. Beginning at this end of the line, lo, every thought taps at a temple door, every emotion lands the

thinking man on his knees, every sensation places his hands upon altar rails. When man is perfectly willing to confess his ignorance, then knowledge illuminates his life with a sense that the unknown is more real than the known, that every known fact impinges upon our senses because there is behind it a greater unknown verity. Thus it is that every idea that passes through the brain, like every pulse of beauty, compels us to bow before the invisible but real God. Thought, pursued in this way from the near end, brings the courage to many, aye, to most, to use the words of religion which, under the method that began at the farther end, they were compelled to relinquish. Even though they miss the words, they find the thing.

But should the lines of Reason blur before they reach the Transfiguration Mount, there are yet other roads that lead that way. Such a road is Love. I do not mean at the outset what is commonly called the "love of God." If you must frankly confess that you know not where or who God is, it is still well if you love anything,—your wife, child, pet dog or favorite flower. Be true to the leadings of this love, however simple, and it will mellow your life, interpret for you your neighbor's better nature, reconcile you to your enemies, put new beauty into the stars, re-animate the world of prophecy, and wreath with hope and resignation your graves.

"Tell the boys I've got Luck with me now," said the rough miner in Bret Harte's story, as he drifted

away on the shadowy river that flows forever into the unknown sea, clinging to the body of the frail babe whose advent had caused vines and flowers to grow around the cabin doors and taught the miners to wash themselves twice a day.

“Tennessee ain’t pretty, I know, but she air powerful peart,” said Birt Dicey in Craddock’s story. The presence of the unkempt little sister persuaded him that he “couldn’t afford to be a scoundrel and sich.” She followed him, blessing, mellowing, ennobling his hard life all through the story, lifting his awful drudgery into the sanctities of worship. “One way of adoring God is to love one’s wife,” says Victor Hugo. “In thy face have I seen the Eternal,” said the dying Baron Bunsen to his wife.

Mr. Calthrop in the paper published elsewhere in this volume describes the contents of one cubic inch of space, midway between the Sun and Sirius. In this inch he finds “the exactness of God, the economy of God, and the love of God.” If all these are found in so material and external a unit, how much more are they to be found in a unit of heart life. Study, as this cubic inch of space is studied, the confident kiss which a strange babe gave me one day. Think of the ages of barbaric struggle, the millions of crushed aspirations, the unnumbered longings, the search of the savage for safety, of the barbarian for shelter, of the pioneer for a lodgment in the inhospitable wilds, of the statesman for an ordered commonwealth, the

inventor for the amenities and refinements of home, the physician for the condition of health, the educator for the expansion of mind, the moralist for the purity of the soul, the religionist for the tenderness of the spirit, that have preceded the confiding kiss of a child of civilized man. Heart-sick women and passion-disciplined men march in files ages long behind the kiss of a modern babe. In receiving that kiss I was made heir of all the ages. Not so complicated are the material activities in an inch of space, as the spiritual complexity in that baby's kiss. Looking back, it opens up such a history of the human race as no infidel or atheist can contemplate without religious awe and thanksgiving,—except such infidels and atheists as are made in the would-be homes of religion itself, by the preachers who, beginning at the further end, teach of an accursed world, of a child that is a doomed fragment of a depraved humanity. From that kiss we may look forward as well as backward. How it reaches into lives that are to be! In it is the beginning of home loves, generations of thinking, loving men and women. It is a deposit of the human heart in the love store of humanity. Forevermore will man be somewhat the richer for that impulse toward kindness. God's kingdom is more on the earth for it! How religious are the contents of that kiss?

But should even this road fail; if love, simple human love, like science, philosophy and art, should prove a closed door, there still remains the East

Gate of the Temple, that through which Jehovah himself passed in the vision of Ezekiel, the gate of Duty, the high portal of the sublime "I ought." Do your simplest duty towards your nearest neighbor, if it be the humblest of your dumb relations, and somehow the bells of heaven will begin to ring in your soul. When the boy withheld the stone that he had raised against the turtle, sunning in the pasture pond-hole, evermore did the voice of God abide with him, making him indeed a "Theodore," a "gift of God" to the world. "I don't know how to teach my boy his duty towards God," said a mother to me one day. "Very well. Teach him his duty to the little bird in nesting time and you have taught him to begin to adjust his relation to the Infinite Father of all." Make a woman ashamed of being a partner in the cruelty and sacrilege that, in the name of beauty, deprives a meadow-lark of its life that its dead wings may defile the grace of a woman's brow, and you have done more towards giving that woman a religious love, a soul sensitive to the sanctities of being, a heart beset with a sense of divine nearness, than if you had secured her signature to a creed in which all the holy words are written, if they are written there from the further end. For such a one would be but a believer in a God that somebody else discovered, one who relies upon an historical mediator, and trusts in a traditional revelation. The times are growing more religious because men are beginning to find out that the clearest revelations of

the Infinite come through the loyalty of the finite, and that all the sanctuaries are shut save to those who tread the ways of righteousness, yes and all of them are ultimately opened to those who do walk the highways of rectitude. All the shining ones of history have found that the road of morality leads to the mount of spirituality.

There was a time when right was synonymous with might, and when religion was full of selfish anxieties and the most tangible element in it was fear. But under the law of evolution the growth in morals brings ethics to religious altitudes, and religion at last blooms into the decencies, ripens into the moralities and yields the golden fruit of character. I accept without argument the formula,—

“Ethics thought out is religious thought.”

“Ethics felt out is religious feeling.”

“Ethics lived out is religious life.”

To this I would add,—

Science thought out is religious thought.

Science felt out is religious feeling.

Science lived out is religious life.

And so again,—

Beauty thought out is religious thought.

Beauty felt out is religious feeling.

Beauty lived out is religious life.

In the same way Reason followed from the nearer end lands us in religious thought, feeling, and life. And is not the same true of Love, duty and all of the great verities of the life that now is ?

So difficult it is to follow love and righteousness into that Divinity of love and righteousness that pervades everything, to climb out of human loves and human duties into a consciousness of that Infinite love and power that is paternal, aye, more, maternal also ; that at the risk of marring the proportions of this discourse and at the danger of repetition I venture to dwell longer upon these points. The burden of Israel's prophets was that there was a power at work that would ultimately heal the nation of its disease and redeem it from its iniquities. In their clearest moments they saw this power working with no intermittent methods "Behold I have loved thee with an everlasting love," said the grim Jeremiah. The prophet's word has now become Science. The accumulated experience of mankind shows that there is a power working in and through nature for the elevation and sanctification of souls; a power that is eliminating the bad, conserving the good, weeding out the tares, garnering the wheat, suppressing hatred, conserving kindness, confounding and burying wrong, re-enforcing and vitalizing good. I see the long centuries filled with discord, contention, lust and ambition, and yet the ultimate generalization puts a race accent upon the doctrine to which the Hebrew prophet dared only place a national accent. That "everlasting love" that brooded over Judea is now found to be brooding over the world. The accumulated testimony of the statistician goes to show that the law which in the lower realms of nature

grants survival to the strongest, in the higher realms of life secures the survival of the noblest. The forces that in nature struggled for the upright form of the human body are now transmuted into a strain for the integrity of the human soul. Claws give way to fingers spiritually as well as physically; horns are supplanted by the temple domes of thought, and smiles now defend where once the clenched fist was needed. Herbert Spencer, guided by the facts of history alone, shows how man has slowly been led upward out of *egoism* into *altruism*, that is, out of the narrow concern for self into a broad concern for others.

Do you point despairingly at the great growths of monopolies, the anaconda coils of corporations that threaten to strangle entire communities? I over-match these with a like growth in the corporate interests of morality and religion. There is a co-operation for the eternal things of love to-day that is more than a match for the co-operation for the infernal things of greed and hate. The combinations of disinterestedness are stronger than are those of selfishness.

The monopolies of the Western Union Telegraph Company, of the Erie or Pacific Railroads present no such powers as do the school systems of America, the far-reaching helpfulness of the Catholic church, or the splendid aggressive power of Methodism. Clara Barton, the founder of the International Order of the Red Cross, whose banners cross with impunity the red line of battle in the name

of love, has sent an influence farther than that of Gould or Vanderbilt has ever gone. Her name will be remembered when theirs have gone down into everlasting oblivion.

But there are those who share this enthusiasm for the good, who believe in the final triumph of love, who will yet insist that this is but the progress that *human* nature makes. They would say, "This is the growth that the atheist gladly recognizes. We see here no Divine love working for the redemption of mankind." I cannot so sever man from the universe to which he belongs. The heart of that Eternal out of which humanity has been projected has given of its own life to man and put this thirst for perfection into his heart.

He has written in the brain of the savage some mystic lines that contain the secret of the beatific life. The power that paints the plumage of the bird of Paradise in Central Africa, that woos the eidelweiss into being among Alpine glaciers and causes the ungainly cacti to bloom on our western deserts, caused David and Jeremiah to sing the songs of trust in Judea, lifted the protecting arm of Marcus Aurelius over the trembling captives of the Roman legions, and opens the maternal instincts of woman. There are in the human soul forces that make for love and duty, which the soul's self did not create, and these forces are akin to that august power to which I give the highest word human lips have learned to lisp, and call this power "God"—the Father of my Soul. I only

regret the inevitable inadequacy of all words. Of course my finiteness cannot comprehend or express the Infinite Being, and if there be any scruples about personalizing this Being, it is because he is more and not less than personality. This Being so real, omniscient, and omnipresent, dwarfs all other being into fragments of the infinite whole. Great as humanity is, high as are the powers of the human soul, sacred as are the affections of the human heart, still that is gross idolatry which teaches that there is nothing in the universe to challenge our reverence but man, no sanctities before which we are to bend the knee save those of human thought and feeling. There is a unity which covers the sun and the sun-worshiper. The power that shines in the Pleiades is akin to that which shines in the thinker's mind and glows in the mother's heart. The power that "hides within the lily" has put his "touch in the man."

"No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel plan."

The poet is right when he teaches us that he who weaves the shining garments of nature is a power that has brightened the ages of humanity and caused the race to cluster in blossoms of beauty in what would otherwise remain the chaotic fields of time.

But if we miss the Father's face and the paternal arm in all the fields of nature we may still find him within. If we only confess that we are a part

of the great whole, we cannot deny that there is that, not ourselves, that invests every righteous endeavor with its becoming joy and strength, every sinful deed with its warning pain. There is that which gives what seem severe laws beatitude qualities; punishment becomes persuasion, and penalties revelations of God.

Upward-yearning, quivering hearts, beseeching hands reaching through heaviest shame are evidences of a Father's love, probing the wound that it may be healed. Men talk with impious flippancy of "outcasts," "lost souls," and "abandoned classes," but there is that which does not abandon those whom we forsake, there is that which teaches him whom we call hopeless to love the good name he tramples upon, that compels him to honor the virtue he soils. In the lowest nature we see the redeeming love of God showing itself in a movement from "what is" to the better "what may be." Follow the bitter experiences of life and they melt into joy and strength.

" Yet, O well I can remember,
Once I called my pastures, Pain,
And their waters were a torrent
Sweeping through my life amain;
Now I call them Peace and Stillness,
Brightness of all Happy Thought."

So beneath all noble duties, I believe that the soul that wisely reads its own experiences and earnestly seeks to utilize the same, will find a God of love as well as of law, a Father to trust because

there is humanity to hope for. The travails as well as the triumphs of the soul studied from the near end lead us into the Infinite arms. These taught the broken Tresham, in Browning's "Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" to say,

"I saw through
The troubled surface of his crime and yours
A depth of purity immovable.
Had I but glanced, where all seemed turbidest
Had gleamed some inlet to the calm beneath."

By the same road did the crushed Mildred reach the revelations which enabled her to say,

"I dare approach that Heaven
Which has not made a living thing despair,
Which needs no code to keep its grace from stain,
But bids the vilest worm that turns on it
Desist and be forgiven."

Once more I remember the truth-loving spirit who may suspect me of begging the question, and will say to me with the Astronomer-poet of Persia:

"I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered, 'I Myself and Heaven and Hell.'

"Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire."

To such I answer, "Very well, give to your short creed the dignity of integrity, be as honest as old Omar Khayyam. If this is all you have, you

have still left the love in your own heart. In you there is pity if there be none in all the universe elsewhere. You would wipe the tears from penitent eyes, and you cannot be alone in this tenderness. It is in the hearts of all men and women everywhere." Love is surely the highest part of the human soul. Who dares say that humanity is the largest, highest thing in this universe? The rose draws its fragrance from the ground and receives its color from the sun. Whence comes this heavenly flame of kindness to human cheeks?

"Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line
Severing rightly his from thine,
Which the human, which divine?"

That cannot be evolved which was not first involved. I know not how to sever this love and duty of the human heart from the source from which they came. The fountain cannot rise higher than its source. There are strange premonitions of deeper depths still to be fathomed, kinder floods of sympathy still to break out of and upon the human soul. I dare not claim as mine the love that comes without my bidding and goes without my directing; that which blesses and is blessed beyond my planning. The light comes not from the fixture but from the illuminating fluid that pours through it, so the kindly flame that burns in the human eye is fed out of some retort, exhaustless and infinite. This is the everlasting love to which the heart reverently ascribes the words of the universal ritual "Our Father."

Let me not overreach my logic. Let me abide by the severe limitations of my illustration. If there be no light for us without the fixture, but if we have found the redemptive cross in the human heart itself, we have still found that which is the "desire of all nations," "the fulfilling of all law," we have found that deathless essence through which we pray and through which all our aspirations tend.

"To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

"For Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love,
Is God our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
Is man, his child and care.

"For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity, a human face;
And Love the human form divine;
And Peace, the human dress.

"Then every man of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

"And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk or Jew ;
Where Mercy, Love and Pity dwell
There God is dwelling too."

Where Love, Mercy, Pity and Peace are there at least is God. If these are centered in your soul then religion forces you to "demean yourself in a

God-like fashion, to administer those powers as becomes the Divine," to lend this love to

“Leaven earth with a feel of heaven.”

Jesus said of the penitent woman, “Her sins are forgiven, *for she loved much.*” The loving soul however enmeshed is so far a saved and a saving soul. The sincerity and fervor of your life determine your hold upon Divine things, your relation to the eternal right. I mean no mystical ecstasy incompatible with rational thought, no vague projection of your affections towards any being whose existence is open to theological discussion and distrust, I mean the common loves of the human heart, the homely duties of every-day life, the tears that stain the quivering cheeks of earth. It was because the soul of that woman went out in great waves of love to that rustic from Galilee who, without the training of the schools, or the presumption of the priests, could speak words of healing wisdom, in whose voice were floods of tenderness, whose eyes were beacon lights to sin-tossed souls because they beamed with kindness, that she was lifted above her mistakes. Not by a miracle but by a law of the universe were her blots and stains, whatever they were, washed away by these loving tears, and her soul again moved in accord with the forces of the universe. Better a dutiful Magdalene blessing the world with her love than a spotless Pharisee freezing the world with his selfishness. This paradox is of Jesus, not of me.

Jesus himself has been the saving power in the world and his cross the symbol of redeeming love for nineteen centuries because his divine love was human. I have no quarrel with the Christian centuries for deifying that loving heart or clothing with God-like dignity that kindly brow, I only dissent from the conditions of deification. He was divine because he was the son of man, born out of the loins of Joseph and Mary. It may yet appear that the greatest service the Catholic church has rendered to the race is the elevation to divine honors of the mother-heart of peasant Mary.

Yes, if you can find God nowhere else, find him on Calvary, or if the cross lifts the Man Jesus out of reach, find God in the sobbing heart that lies at the foot of the cross; and if she be too far away, find him in the mother's love that cradled you, find him in the encircling arms of the man or woman whose protecting love you cannot doubt. Wherever you touch love, be it in baby smile, or lover's kiss, wherever you touch duty, be it in father's protection or mother's self-sacrifice, or your own effort to be a Providence to the improvident, a God to the Godless, you find the open gate that leads to the Father's heart.

II.

There are two hostile ways of looking at this tendency to seek religion from the near end of things. One way is that of a patronizing pity. It

is to regard it as a brave effort to make the best of a "faithless" condition. There are those who think "this is better than nothing," and to those who work from the center outward they say, "If you can't say God, please say Good." If you have not faith enough to sign the Apostle's creed, to accept the Bible as pre-eminent authority, or to confess Jesus as your sole and peculiar master, why, then get some religious comfort and inspiration out of science, modern or ancient art, domestic love and by doing your duty. If you can not profess the Christian name or declare your theistic convictions, still try to lead the Christian life and obey the divine laws; for that really is very good.

Well, if the attitude must be an apologetic one, I must still champion this position. If the words of every-day life and of universal experience are smaller words than the words of creeds and ritual, and if souls from imbecility or any other reason cannot speak the words you deem the greater yet do love to speak their modest equivalents—souls that cannot start from your far end, but are diligent in their search for the sanctities close by,—I much prefer to work with and for these than with those who shut them out. I choose to stand alongside of the neglected, abused and unappreciated souls, those who, like the Publican in the parable, began the religious life by humbly confessing their limitations. Christendom offers ample accommodations and plenty of fellowship for those who

are willing to start from the farther end with the assertions that end in dogmas. I prefer to stand with what some may call the doctrinal imbeciles of to-day, the non-experts in the creed business. Here and hereafter I am willing to take my chances with those who are seeking truth, even though they may miss it; those who believe in righteousness, though they may not know how to formulate it; those who love the good, even though they dare not personify it. My church is for the un-churched, and my fellowship is for those to whom fellowship is denied.

But is not this a truthless attitude to take towards those who work religion from the near end? Shall we not rather say that they who work from the near end lay hold of the big end, the *faith* end of religion? They reach for that without which all words are worthless. The spirituality of religion lies in the appreciation of near sanctity. God, heaven, hell, immortality and revelation are in the present tense, or else they are nowhere and nothing. He who does not believe "two and two make four" to be a part of the Infinite truth of God, *needs* a creed to tell him that there is a God at all. He who is not conscious of first-hand contact with the divine, who does not feel the spirit of the universe pulsing in his spirit, who does not find every inch of space, every thought-throb, every heart-beat, every love-longing and right-doing impulse trembling with religious power, must need the formal assurance of Conferences. He needs to

legislate into use the words, "Christianity," "Theism," "God." But he who does feel all this will be glad to subordinate all words to the verities words should stand for, because he believes in and loves the verity. True religion has but little to offer mankind if it is not eventually to teach that the highest, not the lowest, way of spelling the Divine name is with a double "O;" if it is not going to make men ashamed to serve God in a way that will bruise man, to attempt to honor the Father by injuring the child.

"Yes, write it in the rock," Saint Bernard said,

"Grave it on brass with adamant pen!

'Tis God himself becomes apparent, when

God's wisdom and God's goodness are display'd,

For God of these his attributes is made."—

Well spake the impetuous Saint, and bore of men

The suffrage captive; now, not one in ten

Recalls the obscure opposer he outweigh'd.

God's wisdom and God's goodness!—Ay, but fools

Mis-define these till God knows them no more.

Wisdom and goodness, they are God!—what schools

Have yet so much as heard this simpler lore?

This no Saint preaches, and this no Church rules;

'Tis in the desert, now and heretofore.

The rosary of the ultimate religion is not yet formed, but, when it is, we may be sure the spring bud, the drop of water, the painter's passion, the musician's ecstasy, woman's love, baby's smile, the hand that holds the plow or swings the hammer, the conscience that does the right, will be beads in

that rosary, and each bead will tell a prayer, and every prayer will fertilize the spiritual life of men.

Let us attend now to another form of the objections raised against this position. There are those that will admit that possibly the individual may find his religious nature awakened and ripened by living from the near end, but who question the possibility of an organized, social, religious life based on these near things. They tell us that when we come to organize, we must use some of the far-end words. "Men and women," we are told, cannot be held together, or at least they cannot make church life potent and coherent, by making the nearer end the greater end, the seeming small things the *essentials*. The universal experiences of suffering souls cannot, they say, be made the ground of an inspired and inspiring fellowship that will have in it missionary purposes and efficiency. These objectors, like Peter on the Mount, would fain build tabernacles for the figures that float in the air, rather than for those that stand upon the earth. Thus it is that churches have been organized to shield the doctrine of the Trinity, to shelter the authority of the Bible, to hold the dogmas of immersion and even the grim terror of eternal punishment; hoping by the perpetuation of those remoter words to serve and conserve religion in the world. Churches have been founded upon a revelation that belongs to the past, and a bliss that is to come, a Lord that spoke eighteen hundred years ago, and a joy that awaits on

the other side of death's gate. Their calendar of saints is made up of dead folks, and, if we are to believe the hymn book, their hearts are ever yearning for mansions beyond the skies. All this is an attempt to organize religion from the farther end. It has resulted in churches separated by a wide chasm from many of the needs and realities of the life that now is, churches removed from much of the holy living and the holy yearnings of to-day. Many of the healthiest impulses and the noblest thoughts of current life are compelled by these to go unchurched. They have no place in the costly piles that are to be seen on our street corners,

“ With spire and sad slate roof, aloof
From human fellowship so far; ”—

piles that cast their chilly shadows athwart society for six days in the week, with doors locked against hungry hearts and vacant minds; churches so elegant that they must not be soiled by the grimy feet of earth's plodders, however necessary the church may be, even to get the grime off the feet* ; only he who can pronounce the shibboleth, or properly accent the doctrine, has a right to a seat of honor in them. The good missionary must not go back to speak comforting words to the hungry heathen, if he have a little hope that a chance may yet be given to the grandfather of his convert. The

*Miss Frances Willard says that the work of the W. C. T. U. is not unfrequently interfered with by ladies' objections that Temperance meetings spoil the carpets in church vestries and parlors.

church must be tested by its word *and* life, not by its life with or without its word. All this is organizing religion from its farther end,—from the life that is not yet interpreted, in the interests of a world into which we are not yet ushered, upon doctrines which many dear and useful people can not accept, upon creeds which another age has written, revelations vouchsafed to other souls.

I do not deny the possibility of finding religion from the farther end, nor that utility and blessedness may and does come from the same. Far be it from me to read small the great words or to try to empty high phrases of their hopes and far-reaching yearnings. Full well I know how the heart of man has been sustained and ordered in the home of mystery, but I do insist that there is now greater need of, and larger returns in store for, those who undertake to organize religion from the nearer end of life.

Let us see what can be done by beginning with things close by. Let us admit, as I think we ought, that thirty out of any thirty-nine articles that are offered by the churches as the substance of doctrine are beyond our comprehension and elude our proofs. We may not know about Apostolic Successions, or even about Theistic assertions, or Christian pre-eminence; but we do have great interest in the story of the good Samaritan; and the Golden Rule takes hold upon us. The Beatitudes awe us and make us ashamed of ourselves. The allusion to a "cup of cold water" appeals to us. Pity for the hungry,

compassion for the outcast and sympathy for the desolate,—these things we do understand. We know that there are homesick boys and tempted girls in our cities; wayward young men and flip-pant young women; husbands that are hard to their wives, and wives that are selfish in their homes; children neglected though draped in silks. Now can we not organize for the help of these? Can we not unite men and women together as compactly upon a *purpose* to help humanity, to say the least, as upon a *conclusion* about God? Can we not find a bond of union in *needs* as strong as in *creeds*? Is there not a beauty of fellowship in *diversity* as in *uniformity*, and more helpful? Religion organized from the near end of life will undertake to serve the life that now is. It will go in quest of truth, it will be a pledge of righteousness, it will stand for present sanctities. Organize religion from this end and you will have a church of the Holy Endeavor, a church of the Sacred Certainties, a school of the Spirit, a primary department of the Celestial University. I admit that this church is still an unsolved problem, because it has as yet scarcely been tried. But I do profoundly believe that when religion begins systematically to organize itself upon the near verities and the present needs of the human life that now is, then will come the true Catholic church, that in the breadth of its territory, the number of its communicants, and the majesty of its history, may yet out-rival the church of Rome.

I believe this because such a church will be planted upon the most universal elements in human nature, the head-hunger and heart-hunger of humanity. Few have possessions, all have needs. The Pharisee's prayer,—“God, I thank Thee that I am not as the rest of men, I fast twice a week, I give tithes of all that I get,” necessarily belongs to the liturgy of the few. God grant that they may still become fewer. But the Publican's prayer,—“God be merciful unto me a sinner,”—is the prayer universal. It belongs to the ritual of humanity. God grant that its soft murmurs may yet be heard the round world over.

I believe this because of the great number who already in spirit belong to this church. Perhaps the largest,—and one is tempted to say,—the noblest church in Christendom to-day is the un-churched. It certainly contains, freely speaking, the highest and the lowest in most communities. The best and the wickedest are to-day found outside the pale of the conventional churches. The man who does his own thinking, who is his own missionary, administers his own charities, is seldom the man who is very far inside the letter of the church, nor very far outside the spirit of the church. When such a man finds his neighbor in the spirit, and these two find the third, and the third finds the fourth, the church of the Beatitudes is begun, and it will continue to increase until it includes all those who have to give and those who have needs. Of course the church organized in the interests of

religion from the near end must have its own methods. Its members will not be tied together, like a bundle of tacks, with a creed string however fine or strong; but they will be drawn together like the iron filings that cling to the magnet that is drawn through them, yielding to the beautiful law of polarity, held there by divine attractions, the spiritual affinities of soul. This law is as persistent and as safe as the chemical activity that locks the atoms in each other's embrace. In the east, the true shepherd country, the shepherd always goes before, the sheep following. He ever leads, he never drives the flock. It is left for the clumsy and hasty men of the west to invent the harsh and tiresome methods of driving the herd; so the true spiritual shepherd that would fold souls by organizing religion from the near end will ever lead and never drive.

I believe in this possibility because of the great amount of work already being done on these lines. Why this modern complexity of humanitarian reform and fraternal organizations? What is the meaning of the kitchen-garden and kindergarten associations, temperance societies, white and red cross leagues, prison congresses, women's clubs, men's lodges, etc., with their wearisome waste of human tissue in the way of presidents, secretaries, by-laws and assessments? We all know that from fifty to seventy per cent. of the strength of such organizations is necessarily used in overcoming the friction of the machine, leaving but the thirty per

cent. of energy to do the work for which the machine is created. But even at such a cost they are indispensable at present; because they dare undertake the work for which the churches should exist, but which the churches of the land fail to take up because they are not organized from the near end. Witness the clumsy waste by the churches of America. Millions of money are invested in the buildings that dot our city, town and cross-roads; buildings dedicated to religion, but sealed to seventy-five per cent. of the real work which religion ought to do. It is this that necessitates this tiresome set of instrumentalities in order to do the work which the churches ought to do. More radical and perplexing than the problems of labor and capital are the problems of how to get the churches of the land to meet the religious needs of the land; how to induce them to do the work which alone justifies churches, namely, the enlarging of the life of man and adjusting it to its place in the universe. Men, hard pressed through the week with the drudgery of business and the intense routine of material concerns, need the intellectual variety, the social lift, the moral elevation and spiritual refinement, which active, persistent, continuous co-operation with a church, working from the near end, would bring. In such co-operation they will find larger returns for the time and money invested, than is possible for them to find in their masculine clubs, lodges and labor unions.

One of the most alarming, as well as most hopeful, signs of the times, is this growing eagerness of women to multiply feminine organizations for especial objects of reform and culture. I do not believe that these women's clubs, with their social jealousies and easy honors, can do as much for their members, intellectually or spiritually, as the same amount of capital in time and money invested in a church working from the near end, where men and women combine for the enlarging of the boundaries of life in every direction. This tendency is alarming because it threatens to withhold from the church the brain power of women, and leave it continuously the victim of woman's sweet heart-and-hand life, which, however sincere, will miss the larger blessing unless there go with it the woman's head life also. One of the sad spectacles of the day is to find women in the club, complacently denying or counteracting the doctrines of the church to which they lend their Sunday presence, from which they draw, or think they draw, their religious life. On week day in their "study classes" they will grapple with the masters of thought, the problems of reform, and they call this "club work." On Sunday they try to persuade their husbands to endure preaching that the husbands do not believe in and that the wives cannot justify. They will sell tickets for parish entertainments, that have in them but little dignity of intellect and still less sincerity of spirit. They will knit fancy work for

the "fair," and serve as shop girls at the "bazaar," and this they call "church work." May God forgive them for the confusion. That other was "church work,"—this is too cheap to be called "club work" even. This woman's activity is a hopeful sign of the times, because it shows woman rising into the full stature of womanhood, the stature of a woman with a head as well as a heart, who has thoughts as well as feelings, of a woman who dares to think, and in her thinking finds her spirituality growing, her tenderness and helpfulness increasing. It is a hopeful sign, because one of these days woman will acquire that self-reliance, that honesty and sincerity of the intellectual life, that will enable her to convert her husband, make her wise enough to find ways of carrying into the church that which belongs more in the church than anywhere else,—her deepest thoughts and most dignified purposes. Nothing will save woman's mind from being "womanish" except free and frequent contact with manly intellects and hearts, on the highest sides of life; and nothing will save men's hearts from becoming "mannish" (and mannishness must be counted something quite as uncomplimentary, to say the least, as womanishness) except contact with womanly grace and refinement in the interest of the perennial things. I recognize the value of these lodges, unions and clubs, within certain limits; but I am saddened when I think of men who necessarily spend eight or ten hours a day in close contact

with men none too pure of speech or of breath, and then continue to give many of their evening hours and much of their spare energy to exclusively masculine association; to the neglect of those renewals which only come in mixed company, where not only men and women, but old and young, mingle their common life for the enlargement and enjoyment of all. Now this estrangement and unnatural divorce is inevitable in the atmosphere of churches that seek to serve religion from the far end of things. These say to growing women, "You must not think too much on these things," and to independent men, "You must believe, even though you do not understand." But the church that is a holy quest for the deed, rather than an iron pledge for the word, will change all this. It will make again the church building the center of the neighborhood life. However humble in its exterior, it will again be the cathedral, the one house with an open door to all conditions of men, all the week around. Not a seventh-day but a seven day movement is what is needed in our churches. This coming church will remember that wherever there is a search for the thoughts of Job, Dante, Goethe, Browning or Emerson, wherever there is an attempt to soften the hard life of the poor, to elevate the ignorant, to train the awkward fingers of little children, or to put beauty into dreary homes, there is the legitimate work of the church. For such work trustees will neither begrudge gas nor coal. Women will

not shield their carpets, and parishes will say to their ministers, "See to it that you develop to the maximum the intellectual, moral and spiritual resources of your people, however it may be with your sermons." Then the church will stand once more for living faith, for high thought, for real conviction. It will be the rallying point of the community of which it is the center. It will be the joyous home of thought, art and fraternity; and because of all this it will be the better home for worship; prayer will be more tender in it, psalmody more lofty. Then religion will clothe itself again with the pomp of ritual and the power of symbolism. It will inspire painter, sculptor, architect and musician to make their contributions to the church that represents the untrammelled gospel of truth, righteousness, love and the aspirations connected therewith. This church that makes character pre-eminent will ever bud and blossom into Deity's name. And these blossoms will be impelled by an irresistible force to ripen into the fruit that is both the thought and the love of God. I am not dealing in impractical rhapsodies. Let the churches of our city but dedicate the humblest nook in their buildings as a shelter corner ever open and lighted, warm in winter and cool in summer, with the refreshments of books, papers and innocent games, accessible to whoever may come,—and they will wage a winning warfare with the sins of the baneful saloons. And until they do thus array themselves, they are in actual league

with the dram shop and its kindred degradations. The traffickers in rum can afford to pay a generous stipend to the minister for every night he keeps his shop closed, because the guests he turns away will find hearty welcome at the door of that dram shop, which under existing circumstances is only half devil's-door-way. The hearty welcome, the human fellowship, the opportunity of man to meet man in the companionship that lessens the solitude of life, —so much of this as is free from greed and coarseness, is God's own work, though it be found in a beer saloon. Oh, what might the churches of America not do, if they committed themselves primarily to the gospel of the Golden Rule, if they dedicated themselves to the high piety of character instead of devoting so much time to the pinchbeck sanctities of exclusiveness, sectarian rivalry, denominational ambitions, and word-exacting, rather than life-demanding, standards.

See what is already accomplished in this direction, where churches unanimously lead. The Chautauqua study classes, superficial in their methods, perhaps faulty in their systems, still do more towards whetting the appetites of men and women for the better things in literature and art, and in elevating the public tastes of our communities, than any college in the land. They are enabled to do this work because in some clumsy fashion they have gone into partnership with the churches of our country. Plenty of fanaticism and zeal unguided by knowledge in the Y. M. C. A. movement

of Christendom, yet in most communities their rooms represent the center of the humanities, and their work for and with the young men and women of America is immeasurable. Spite of similar limitations, the greatest temperance force in this country to-day, I think, is that represented by the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

The power of both of these movements is found in the fact that they are in league with organized religion. They avail themselves of the machinery of the churches. These attempts, however clumsy, to begin at the near end to lift the world into manliness succeed so well that, many fears notwithstanding, they are manifestly moving the world towards Godliness also. If our churches did but offer a drink of ice-water to every sun-parched boy and tired laborer that passes by their door through the summer months, they would so deepen their piety, enlarge their spirituality, that they would forget all about the Andover controversy, creed quarrels and sect disputes, that now so dissipate energies that ought to be directed to diviner ends. "Whosoever shall give one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

There is no real missionary work except home missionary work. The potency of spirit ever radiates from the possessor of spirit. That is a true missionary center where the true missionary is. The best location for a church is where the live man

is. "Where MacGregor sits is the head of the table." Potency is not in dollars, not in plans or schemes of organizations, or wordy "bases of union," but always in the living voice, the throbbing heart, the thinking brain and the helping hand. The Holy Spirit cannot be communicated through "Boards" and "Committees," any more than it can through the finger-tips of surpliced Bishops. But wherever a mother is comforted, wherever a wavering father is stayed, wherever a hungry soul is fed with the bread of life, wherever hand clasps hand for a long pull, a hard pull and a pull all together for the purpose of making the bad a little less bad, and the good a little better, there is the foundation of a church that will stand. The story goes that one day the holy Buddha fainted from weariness by the wayside and a shepherd lad stuck a branch of the Lota tree into the ground to shelter his face from the scorching sun. The branch took root and became a great tree; and although the prophet has been dead twenty-three hundred years that tree is still green and growing. So this church founded on these lowly ethical ends will broaden, deepen, heighten in lines that end only where God ends. Let it begin now and it will last as long as time lasts.

I know not by what name this church will be known in the future. I do not very much care. I am more concerned that it should stand for religion than for any name under religion. I prefer to labor for the *thing* than to dispute about *labels*. If

contention arise I will not even insist upon my right to wear my own favorite tag. I delight in the triumphs of the Christian centuries and love the Christian name, but I am not blind to the danger still imminent, which Lessing foresaw. We must resent the clamor for a name to the confusion of the thing.

“Christianity, not manhood, is their pride.

E'en that which from their founder down has spiced

Their superstition with humanity,

'Tis not for its humanity they love it.

No; but because Christ taught, Christ practiced it.

Happy for them he was so good a man!

Happy for them that they can trust his virtue!

His virtue? Not his virtue, but his name,

They say, shall spread abroad and shall devour

And put to shame the names of all good men.

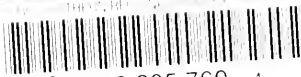
The name, the name is all their pride.

The word “Unitarian” sanctified by the thought of Channing, intensified by the heart of Theodore Parker, humanized by the great philanthropic movement of this century, conspicuously that which wrought for the freedom of men, spiritualized by the lofty teachings and serene faith of Emerson, and holding, as it does, in its very composition the root word of modern thought and universal religion, UNITY, may, if its friends are equal to their opportunity, become a word that will cover much of the great religious movement that begins at the near end of things. I believe its friends have a right to so interpret it; that, as a matter of fact, it does represent the beginning of

such a movement to-day. But if the Unitarian church is to cry "halt," and if the majority of those who wear the name should insist upon driving a creed-peg somewhere or on wearing it as a badge of doctrine, then so much the worse for the word, so much the more the need of such a movement as I have tried to sketch. So much the harder shall we have to work for a church larger and broader than any one word has ever yet stood for in history.

No, not the Name, but the Thing! If we start from the near end, be true to ~~its~~ holy beginnings, work outward and upward on all the lines of thought, feeling, knowledge, aye, of shame, ignorance and defeat, we shall find that all the paths lead to the Mount of Transfiguration where the raiment of the mortal becomes white with immortal light, and the face of man shines with the radiance of God. Then without Peter's limitations, wherever it may be, the soul will be enabled to exclaim, "*Lord, it is good for us to be here!*"





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